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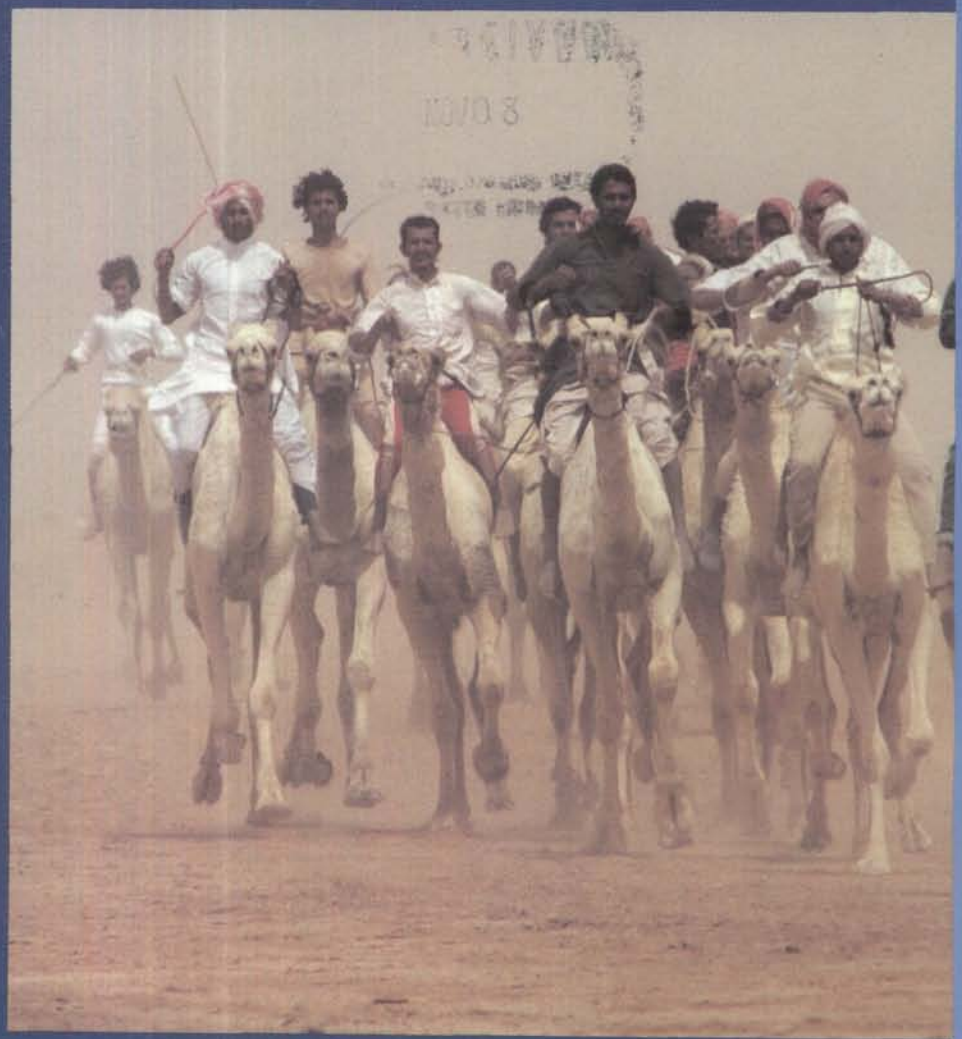
NATIONAL REVIEW

THE MUSLIMS ARE COMING!

THE MUSLIMS ARE COMING!



How Mao Got His Job Through the New York Times

Can the NEA Be Saved?

on on John Updike

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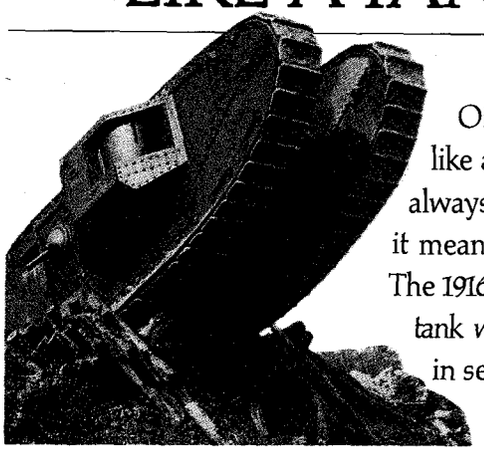
UNLIKE SOME THINGS TODAY, IT'S BUILT LIKE A TANK.



According to excited WWI reports, "Big Boy," one of the first American tanks, could knock down "huge trees."

Of course, "built like a tank" didn't always mean what it means today. The 1916 origins of the tank were shrouded in secrecy on purpose. Even the word "tank" was mysterious.

The name came from the British during World War I. While they were developing the early machines, to keep their real purpose hidden, British officers referred to them as water tanks. The name stuck.

So did the first tanks. In mud. On slopes. In ditches.

Nevertheless, though slow and clumsy, they terrified enemy troops. One of the early British tanks was called "L'Enfant Terrible" by people in France.

By World War II, all the warring nations were building tanks.

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Yet the furious pace of production did nothing to slow down the pace of improvement. By the end of the war, the standard was the 43-ton Pershing. By Korea, the M47 Patton. In 1960, the first M60 was delivered, marking the beginning of the longest tank production run in U.S. history. Our company built redesigned and refined M60s, packed

General George S. Patton, America's most famous armor commander of World War II, seen here leading his troops in Italy.

with solid-state thermal and laser technology, for the Army until 1984, and for American allies until 1987.

But in the early 1970s, work had begun on a brand new tank of such expanded capabilities, experts called it not an improvement, but a reinvention.

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The first generation M1 was delivered in February 1980. The second generation, the M1A1, in August of 1985.

For Abrams designers, the highest priority was the protection of the crew. Not only from conventional, but also from chemical, biological, and even nuclear contamination.

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The 65-ton Abrams can accelerate from a standing start faster than many small cars. For it, a nine-foot trench is no obstacle. Nor is a 60% grade.

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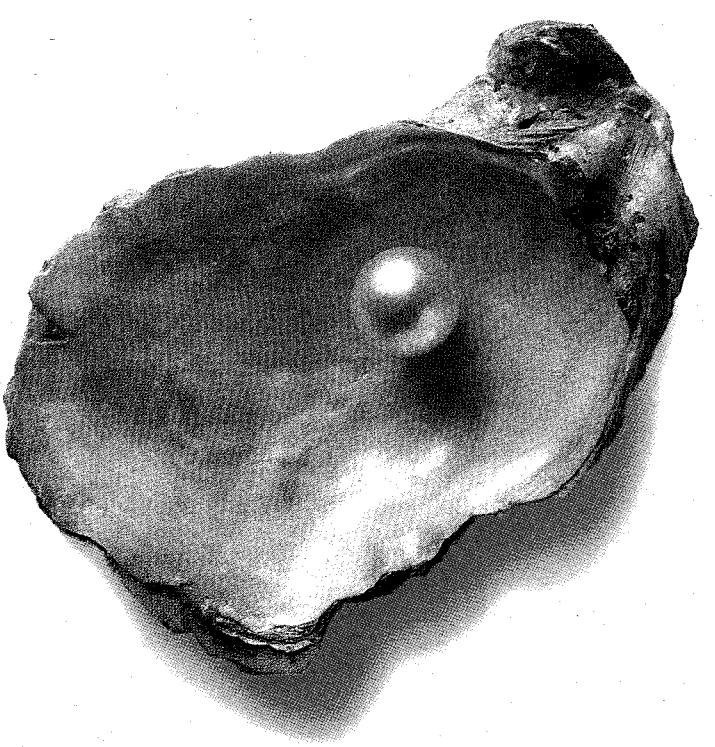

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NATIONAL REVIEW

NOVEMBER 19, 1990 VOL. XLII, NO. 22

Cover Story

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Has Islam replaced Communism as civilization's mortal enemy? **Daniel Pipes** assesses the potential Muslim threats, from full-scale *jihad* to cultural and political subversion by unassimilable immigrants, and suggests that once again the West's greatest strength is our ideas.

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The Audit Bureau

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LETTERS

History and Foodstuffs

Jeffrey Hart's "Discovering Columbus" [Oct. 15] was a disturbing and irrational piece at best, and betrays a startling lack of knowledge of history and American Indian cultures. The piece was in the exact vein of the "knee jerk" reactions he was attacking.

To state that the First Nations of America, as Amerinds now call themselves, have contributed nothing to "significant history" is a slight that cannot be allowed to stand. Mr. Hart defines "significant history" as meaning "something in terms of arts, philosophy, and science." The huge number of plants domesticated by the Amerinds—corn, beans, squashes, both white and sweet potatoes, sunflowers, tomatoes, amaranths, persimmons, maniocs—obviously have no importance to human history, in Mr. Hart's reading. Nor do the drugs—cinchona bark (quinine), coca, curare—that were recognized by the Amerinds, and very quickly copied and pre-empted by Europeans.

In art should we not consider Orozco; or the architects of Copán or Chichén Itzá; or the city plan of Tenochtitlán in the Valley of Mexico, buried under the present Mexico City?

In politics can we dismiss the League of the Iroquois as a model for the confederation that would make up the United States? After all, it was mentioned as a possible model by Ben Franklin.

If Columbus was the spur for the greatest demographic movement in history, it is because it is the last that the world has suffered, and it is still continuing. Relatively speaking, the Mongol population explosion and push across Asia into Europe in the Middle Ages might match it, while the push of Austronesians into the Pacific exceeds the distance covered and settled by many millions of square miles.

And then there were the original migrations of Amerinds to this country. Agreed, it happened millennia ago, but it was a pretty good push into the New World, accompanied, some say, by the same environmental degradation as the latest European migration—the extinction of animal species and the introduction of new vectors for disease.

The celebration of the quincentenary of Columbus's landing in the Americas and his subsequent efforts to establish colonies here will be marked by rhetoric like Mr. Hart's and those to whom he offers his commentary. The reality of what has been called the Columbian exchange is much more complex and subtle than either side would admit.

Thomas J. Riley
Department of Anthropology
University of Illinois
Urbana, Ill.

Well, I am not one to denigrate any positive human achievement, let alone corn, beans, squash, etc. I notice that Mr. Riley does not mention "Indian corn," which I love. But if I had to trade all that off as against Plato, Dante, and Mozart, my answer would be clear.

The Mongol push into Europe was not exactly a triumph for civilization, even though Mongol mating customs might be fascinating to an anthropologist like Mr. Riley.

I seriously doubt that the Iroquois contributed anything at all to our constitutional model. They were not mentioned at the Philadelphia Convention.

Orozco is overrated by many as an artist. His work is overstated, badly drawn, and propagandistic. It ought to be studied as period-piece art, but I wish I did not have to walk past his gigantic mural in the student reading room at Dartmouth. —JH

Tuned In and Turned On

If I may extend an analogy: If Gorbachev is Cuba's Solzhenitsyn ["Their Man in Havana," "The Week," Sept. 17], announcers at Radio Martí might be likened to Fiorello La Guardia and the Sunday funnies. Ever since Castro banned the revisionist *Moscow News*, our Radio Martí, the most popular broadcast on the island, has been beaming in weekly summaries.

Richard W. Carlson
Director, Voice of America
Washington, D.C.

Personal Decisions

Thomas Short's "Gay Rights or Closet Virtues?" [Sept. 17] displays a keen grasp of the beliefs and motivations of the Left. I agree that the Left has redefined tolerance as approval. I find myself asking, though, if the Right hasn't strayed in the other direction, and defined approval as tolerance.

Mr. Short states that conservatives are naturally opposed to homosexual acts, believing them contrary to the will of God and nature. "At least," he states, most conservatives hold that "unqualified and public approval of them threatens social stability." Where is the line drawn between conservative tolerance and public approval? Is the decriminalization of homosexual acts "approval"? Twenty-five states still have anti-sodomy laws, of which six prohibit only homosexual acts, and I see no conservative effort to repeal these in the name of tolerance.

Also off the mark is the notion that "coming out of the closet" is an attempt to politicize sex. While there are certainly political ramifications to coming out, these are far outweighed by the personal considerations. To me, being "out" means that I don't have to scramble for a quick exit when a well-meaning matchmaker tries to introduce me to a young lady, and that I need not invent monthly excuses to explain to my parents why I'm not yet married. I don't

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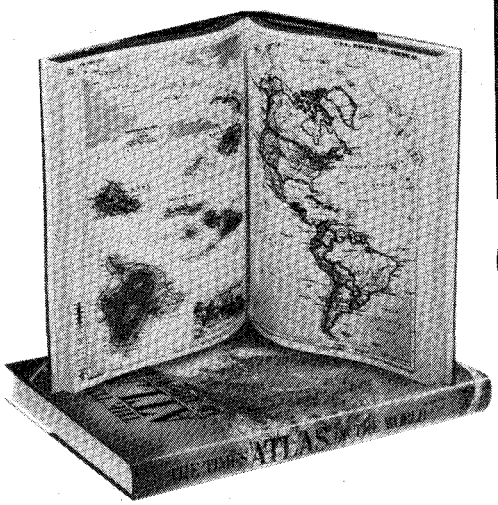

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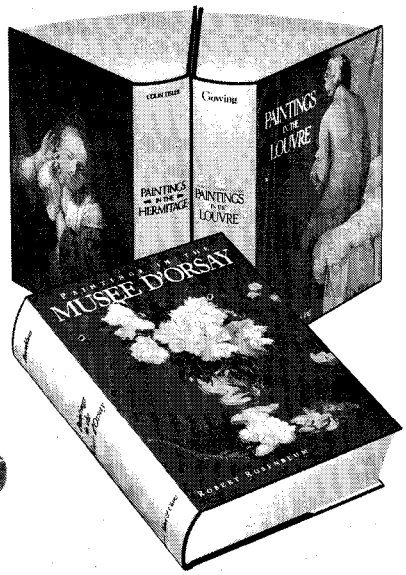

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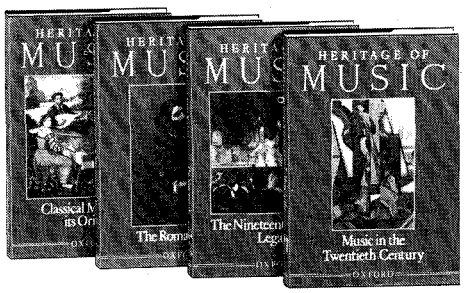

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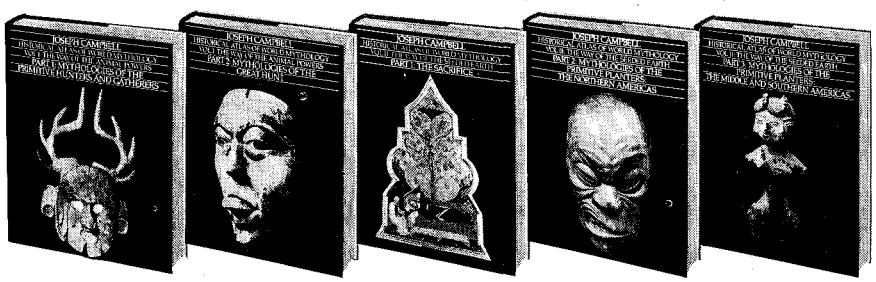

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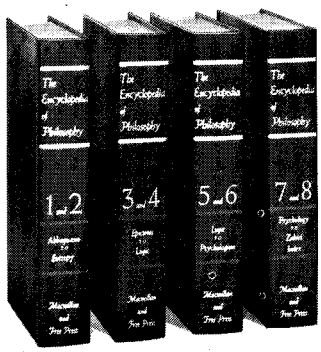

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have to lie to people I love and respect.

Conservatism cannot claim to support the good of society by creating of the gay community a culture of pathological liars. "Thou shalt not lie" is at least the moral equal of anything quoted from Leviticus. Yet gay men and lesbians who dare to be honest by truthfully answering common questions such as "What did you do last night?" and "Who was that I saw you with Saturday?" are accused of "flaunting their perversion" and "politicizing sex."

It is disingenuous to offer up such self-contradictory terms under the guise of "tolerance." While conservatives may congratulate themselves on their willingness to live and let live, the virtual merger between the gay community and the Left evinces the fact that gays and lesbians don't see it that way. If conservatism truly holds the lofty ideal of tolerance, then it must rethink its position with respect to homosexuality and gay rights.

William B. Thacker
Columbus, Ohio

For the Record

One quick point re your report on the House race in Massachusetts between John MacGovern (R.) and incumbent Chet Atkins (D.) ["The Week," Nov. 5]. The last time a Republican defeated an incumbent Democratic congressman in Massachusetts was in the election of 1936 (not 1920 as reported), when former GOP Congressman Robert Luce won back the 9th District seat he had lost to Democrat Richard Russell in 1934.

The last time a Republican defeated an incumbent Democrat in a Massachusetts Senate race was in the election of 1946. In that year, former Senator Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. defeated incumbent David I. Walsh.

Richard H. Gentile
South Easton, Mass.

Minds and Bodies

If *NR* readers were wondering how Julian Simon, the author of the landmark 1981 book *The Ultimate Resource*, could have written the insipid piece of tripe described in James Shenfield's review of *Economic Consequences of Immigration*, the answer is he didn't ["Books, Arts & Manners," Sept. 3]. Shenfield says Simon "makes his argument with a bewildering array of graphs, charts, formulae, and anecdotes." It would seem that if he was so bewildered, then perhaps he should have declined to tackle what is to him so difficult a topic. The only point of fact on which he says Simon is simply wrong is when "Mr. Simon claims that immigration in the Eighties was substantially lower than in the first decade of the century. In fact . . . we find that more people came to stay in the Eighties than in any other decade in American history." Simon states as much. His claim was that as a *percentage* of the U.S. population—a far more important indicator—immigration is at a substantially lower level than it has historically been.

Mr. Shenfield's alleged review is nothing more than the same "Lock the door now that I'm in!" cry that anti-immigrationists have been shouting for over a hundred years. Once it was the Irish hordes, then it was the Italian and Eastern European hordes, and now it's the Asian hordes. Well, Mr. Shenfield, if you find yourself bewildered by all those graphs and charts, look and see who's winning our spelling bees and providing a vastly disproportionate amount of our most brilliant, productive engineers. In a highly favorable review of Simon's book in *The American Spectator*, Greg Fossedal says "there simply isn't a scholarly counterpart to his work." That may or may not be true, but it hasn't been disproved yet.

Michael Fumento
Lakewood, Colo.

There is hardly any rational way to respond to Mr. Fumento's accusation that I failed to read Mr. Simon's book or was bewildered by his bewildering array of graphs and charts. Nor is there an answer he would probably accept to his or Mr. Simon's choosing to count immigration as a percentage of population rather than in actual numbers (reminiscent of the arguments between those judging the budget deficit in dollars and those judging it as a percentage of GNP).

The Census Bureau estimates that in 1995 there will be five million fewer 18-to-24-year-olds than there are today, and at the same time the Labor Department estimates that the economy will generate 16 million new jobs, 12 million of which will require education, technical training, and experience beyond high school; thus there is the distinct possibility we will be faced with a skills shortage at a time when competition in the truly international economy is fierce.

Spelling-bee winners and brilliant engineers notwithstanding, the fact is that more is not necessarily better, and this country will be better served by an immigration policy that discriminates much more heavily in favor of those possessing needed skills, and where possible capital to invest, than in family unification, especially involving distant relatives. —JS

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One of the things I enjoyed most at Christmas this year was a simply wonderful fruitcake, made by Trappist monks in Virginia. It has a world of fruit in it (nothing like the all-too-scant fruit in most commerical cakes), so that greed got the better of me, and I kept stealing back to the cake to sink my teeth into that absolutely heavenly mixture of glacé fruit and nuts, with everything soused in brandy (and very good brandy too) . . .

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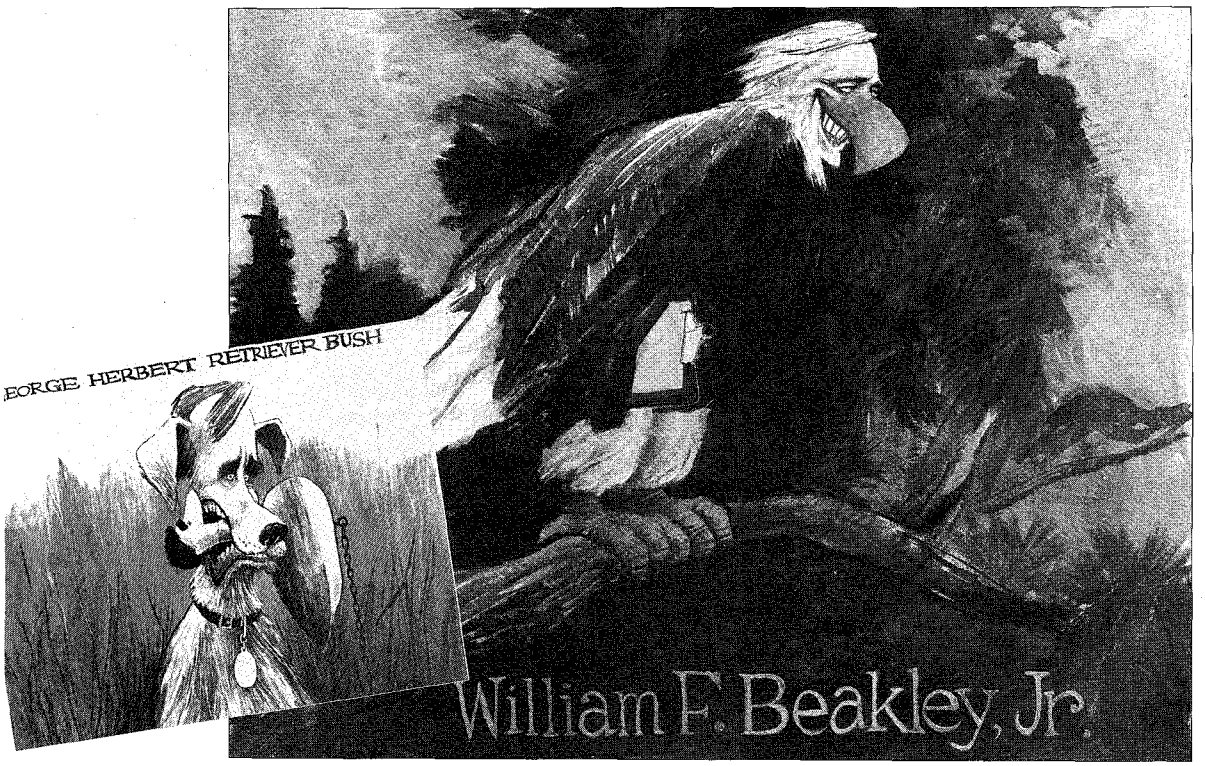

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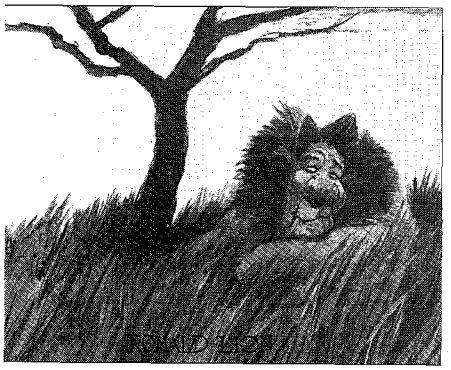

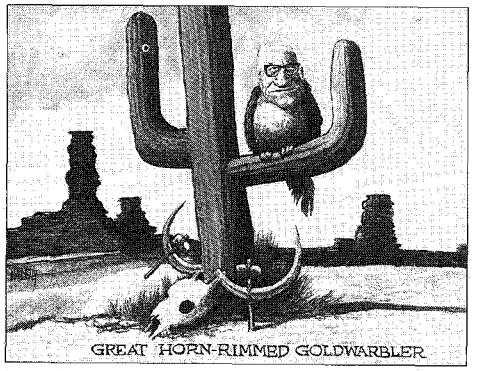

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FROM THE EDITOR

Now More than Ever

■ One beneficiary of the present discontents in Washington is former President Reagan. A favorable reputation in history has been secured for him by the errors of his successor. The political wisdom of his tax cuts has been confirmed by the electoral disasters that are following their abandonment. And to cap it all, the old boy has his memoirs in the bookshops. What timing! How did he persuade George Bush to do it?

Yet, only six months ago, the cognoscenti were writing off the Gipper as a failed peddler of illusions that had now vanished to disclose a world in rags. He was responsible for the deficit-prompted recession (which had not occurred)—though not for the collapse of Communism (which had). He had been idle, ignorant, and ideological.

All in all, his performance offered a sad contrast to that of the "professionals" now running the show, "hands-on" pragmatists who understood the "process" of government. Wow. Members of the Bush Administration did not discourage this contrast since it flattered them. Look, Mom, no gaffes.

How are the mediocre fallen. The "process" of governing in Washington today is a joke—a series of botched compromises achieved through late nights and exhaustion. President Bush and his savvy pragmatists have split the Republican Party, handed the Democrats the "fairness" issue, gained no important concessions, and in the name of bipartisanship ensured the election of a far-left spendthrift Congress at the very time the main obstacle to federal spending, namely the "no new taxes" pledge, has been removed.

And so unpopular is the budget package, for which these sacrifices have been made, that President Bush is campaigning on the theme that the Democrats forced him to do it. He himself is an innocent outsider, shocked by the Beltway's excesses, just like . . . Ronald Reagan.

■ Which compels us to re-evaluate the past. According to well-informed leaks, Bush, Baker, and Darman were the boys who kept the Reagan Administration on the road. They restrained the old boy's follies and applied the brake of "reality" to Reaganite dreams. With Reagan no longer there to throw grit in their smooth-running machine, the nation would surely return to good government.

It now turns out that Reagan contributed something, after all. He had clear principles so that people trusted him even in bad times. He had a clear sense of priorities, pushing through the key policies—tax cuts, the defense build-up—that changed the world. And he had political shrewdness so that opponents found themselves playing by his rules (e.g., no new taxes), and subordinates thought that *they* were really running things.

He made governing look easy. Too easy. Even Richard Darman thought he could do it.

■ The revival in President Reagan's reputation is even spreading to darkest Europe. At a recent dinner party of international civil servants in Rome, I ventured that he had caused Communism to collapse. This was greeted tolerantly as a sort of parochial stateside eccentricity. Then a French diplomat spoke up in my defense.

"That's exactly what they argue in Eastern Europe," he said. "They believe that Reagan, not Gorbachev, won their freedom and ended the cold war." (Cries of *"Zut, alors,"* *"Caramba,"* *"Mamma mia,"* etc.)

Most of the guests might have preferred not to believe this. But President Reagan's triumphal tour of the East, where he received an outpouring of gratitude from both ordinary people and the new democratic leaders, makes such skepticism untenable.

What? You didn't know that President Reagan had been greeted with such affection and regard on his trip? You watch too much television.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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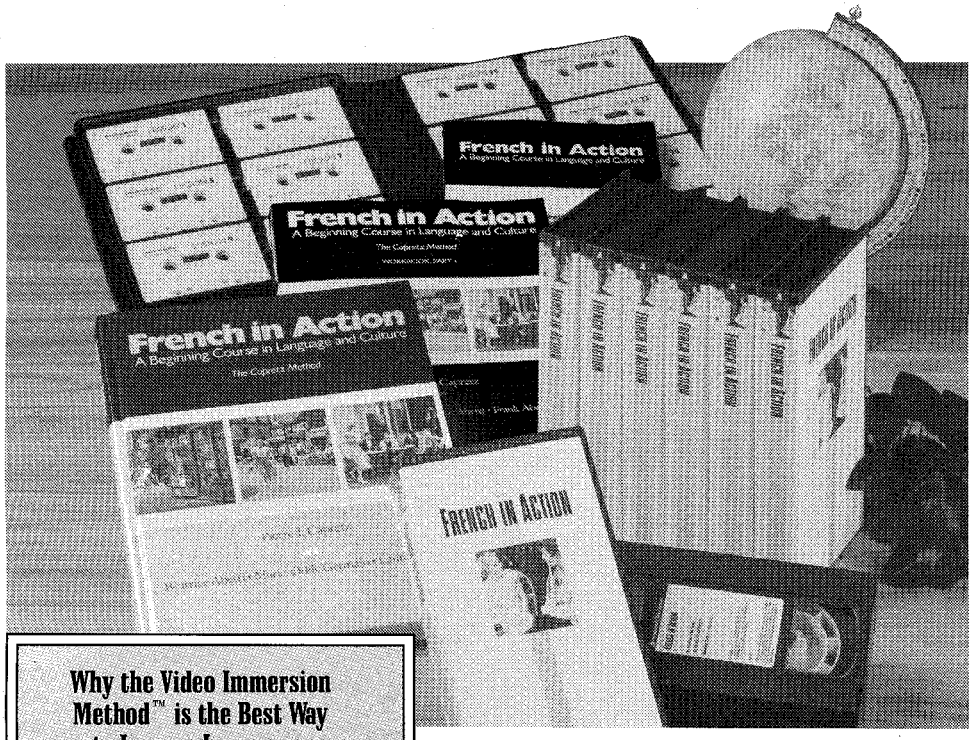
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ON THE RECORD

■ BUDGET BLUES: **Wirthlin** survey reports 69 per cent of Americans believe country is "on the wrong track"—highest percentage since **Carter** Administration. **George Bush**'s approval rating now down to 48 per cent, lowest during his tenure, from mid-August high of 76 per cent. Some 56 per cent disapprove of the President's handling of the economy. . . . **Evans & Novak** reflect on budget deal: "the reluctance by Democrats to really cut back on domestic spending is now fully confirmed." Virginia Governor **Douglas Wilder** on Democratic chairman **Ron Brown**'s support of budget: "With whom did you speak before you put the Democratic Party in favor of a backroom tax deal which puts the biggest burden on the middle class and those with moderate means?" . . . Deal has also split GOP. At meeting of Republican House members, E&N found many incensed with Minority Leader **Bob Michel**, who reminded attendees that party is minority and therefore cannot expect to control policy. . . . In making case for more Republicans in Congress, Bush argued it's tougher working with Democrats than with members of his own party, "no matter what little philosophical wing of the party they're from." . . . *Human Events* reports Bush would not accept resignation of HUD Secretary **Jack Kemp** over budget fiasco for fear Kemp would be harmful to President as outside antagonist.

■ Talk is **Elizabeth Dole**'s move from Labor Department is step toward running for office in her home state of North Carolina, for either Senate or statehouse. . . . Conservatives in California are urging that Jack Kemp—born and raised in Golden State—consider a 1992 run for Senate. **Field** poll shows **Alan Cranston**, up for re-election in 1992, with a 67 per cent disapproval rating. . . . The state will soon have 52 House members, or 12 per cent of total; combined with Texas and Florida, the three will hold more than a quarter of the 435 House seats. Over the past decade, California gained as many new residents per year as South Dakota has (approx. 700,000). . . . Support for limiting number of terms for members of House and Senate is now stronger than ever. Movement to defeat "careerism" in Washington is fueled by what political consultant **Eddie Mahe** calls "a sheer frustration with a system that seems out of control or totally frozen, with so many special interests controlling so much of it." Opponents, like **Nelson Polsby** of the University of California, say, "Term limits merely guarantee that the good will disappear along with the bad." He adds that 55 per cent of representatives who held office in 1980 are no longer in office. Both Bush and Vice President **Quayle** are in favor of limiting terms.

■ Italy's Communist Party, largest in the West with 1.4 million members, has changed its name to **Democratic Party of the Left**. . . . Aid to Salvadoran government was cut in half on condition that Marxist **FMLN** rebels faithfully take part in negotiations with government. At last negotiations, FMLN threatened a major offensive unless its demands were met. . . . Cuban newspaper *Rebel Youth* reports **Castro** has ordered production of some five hundred thousand bicycles in expectation of severe cutback of oil from Soviets, who have been supplying 94 per cent of Cuba's total. . . . Of 16 million residents of what was previously East Germany, nearly seven hundred thousand worked for or were informers for its secret-police organization, Stasi. *Der Spiegel* reports that in many larger East German cities, Stasi opened every letter and monitored every other phone call. Big concern for government of Chancellor **Helmut Kohl** is keeping tabs on former Stasi. Some have gone to work for new government, as **Lutz Stavenhagen**, minister of state in the chancellor's office, explains, "We want to prevent them from going somewhere else and working for others." . . . In USSR, **Mikhail Gorbachev** ranks eighth in opinion polls among political figures while holding a 20 per cent approval rating. . . . **Aleksandr Krannikov**, professor at Moscow State University, estimates number of religious believers is up to ninety million, of some 285 million in the Soviet Union. . . . Hungarian prime minister **Jozsef Antall** hopes Radio Free Europe won't be phased out in his country, for, he says, RFE "could provide us useful information on democratic institutions and democratic practice." Meanwhile in Czechoslovakia RFE has been broadcasting on medium-wave transmitters inside the country. Now people can listen to RFE on their car radios. . . . New magazine *Profit International* caters to entrepreneurs in Central and Eastern Europe. Each issue of *Profit* is published in both English and language of country in which it will appear. For info, write to: Box 490, Bayview, Idaho 83803. . . . While visiting the State Department to lobby for improved relations with the U.S., Ethiopia's deputy foreign minister, **Yilma Adamu**, asked for and received political asylum. An Ethiopian government spokesman responded: "I am not in a position to know if Mr. Yilma is still deputy foreign minister."

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"If I have four reports on falling standards of education, and I take one away . . ."

■ GRAND SLAM: **Bill Buckley**'s *Gratitude* (reviewed in this issue) got front-page treatment in Sunday (October 28) book sections of big three: *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Los Angeles Times*.

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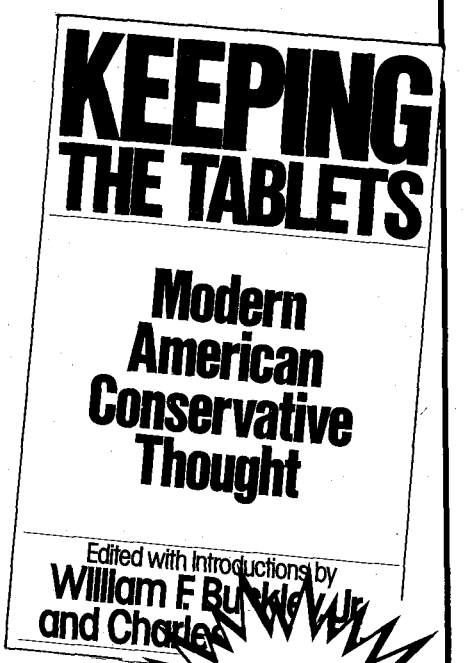

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THE WEEK

■ Henny Youngman's most famous joke turns fifty this week, and many happy returns: Take Congress—please.

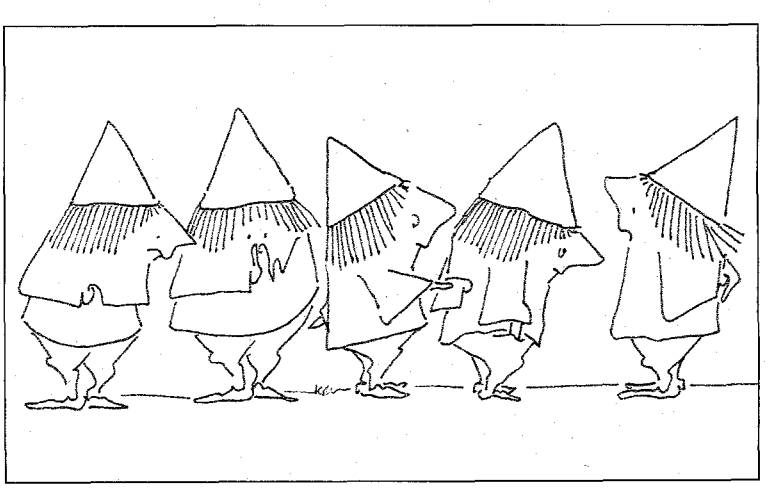
■ Twenty-seven Klansmen showed up to march on Capitol Hill last week, and were greeted by thousands of rock-throwing protestors. Wonder what would happen if Congress held a march.

■ Instead of trying to right himself with his party, George Bush is now out for the scalp of a man who urged fidelity to the party's principles, National Republican Congressional Committee co-chairman Ed Rollins. White House trusty Representative Don Sundquist (Tenn.) has challenged Representative Guy Vander Jagt (Mich.) as head of the NRCC; Vander Jagt defended Rollins at the White House meeting and took a lot of grief for it. If successful, Sundquist would fire Rollins in accordance with Bush's wishes. Even if unsuccessful, the plot puts the White House in a position to argue that any GOP losses of House seats are the fault of the Vander Jagt/Rollins team and not of Mr. Bush's reneging on the key Republican principle of the past decade. But conservatives do have a solid core left to rally around: the House Republicans. Indeed, we hear Sundquist is not the only one interested in the NRCC job; the names of Mickey Edwards (Okla.), Vin Weber (Minn.), and Duncan Hunter (Calif.) pop up regularly, and any one of them would be an improvement over the status quo. If Sundquist, Sununu & Co. are intent on a fight, the conservatives can give them one, finally sweeping the party clean of those who have kept it a minority for the last three decades.

■ President Bush has been getting deserved praise for vetoing the Kennedy–Hawkins civil-rights bill, but few have paid attention to the larger picture on civil rights. Under this Administration, the U.S. Civil Rights Commission has reverted to its pre-Reagan themes of quotas and special preferences. Indeed, with the exception of Carl Anderson (whom House Minority Leader Bob Michel proposed for the post) the Commission backed the Kennedy bill. In the Reagan years that would have been unthinkable. But under new chairman Art Fletcher and vice chairman Charles Wang—both appointed by President Bush—it raises no eyebrows. On top of which conservative Commission personnel such as former general counsel Bill Howard and his deputy, Brian Miller, have fled, following the White House's appointment of Wilfredo Gonzalez, a liberal bureaucrat, as staff director. With an enemy like the present Commission, David Duke needs no friends.

■ Robert S. Bennett, the Senate ethics committee's special counsel for the Keating Five case, wants to drop charges against Senators John Glenn and John McCain (the only Republican of the Five), but has mountains of evidence against Alan Cranston, Dennis DeConcini, and Don Riegle. After regulators warned the Five that Keating would be indicted, McCain and Glenn backed off and Keating stopped giving them money, while Cranston, DeConcini, and Riegle continued to take it. While Glenn and McCain's actions were improper, they're not bad enough to violate the Senate's bargain-basement ethical standards. Nonetheless, the chairman of the committee, Howell Heflin (D., Ala.), up for re-election, hopes to keep the scandal safely bi-partisan, and so the committee has voted to hold public hearings on all five—after the election.

■ Meanwhile, Democrats are beginning to go where the votes are. Douglas Wilder, in Virginia, is making speeches about lowering taxes, or at least not raising them; Dianne Feinstein, in California, is campaigning lean and mean, even endorsing the death penalty (to the boos of liberals); John Silber is running against the Massachusetts Democratic establishment; in Florida, former Senator Lawton Chiles is attacking the "tax and spend" policies of the national party; in Michigan, Democratic Governor James Blanchard is proposing to cut welfare spending by large chunks. The Democrats are hearing the message. Dick Darman isn't.



"When the right hand knows what the left is doing, will the budget be passed or the buck?"

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■ The World Bank is planning to hire Harvard professor Lawrence Summers as its chief economist, and the Bush Administration has given it the green light. Summers was last seen advising Michael Dukakis during the 1988 presidential campaign. At least he hasn't been appointed Secretary of the Treasury. But does this mean that, every time we go overseas, it'll be like Massachusetts?

■ Of course there were people whose moral claims to the Nobel Peace Prize were greater than Mikhail Gorbachev's: all the dissidents, at home and in the satellite nations, who collectively forced him to give up half of Europe, for instance. But, even as Gorbachev had greater power to do evil, his failure to do it, in the manner of Ceausescu or Deng Xiaoping, merited recognition. Since his prize was a recognition of actions in the realm of power, however, it ought to have been shared with the leader whose firmness over eight years made the Soviets see that their empire could not stand. Ronald Reagan will have to be content with the gratitude of the people of Central and Eastern Europe, which, come to think of it, is worth more than the Nobel Peace Prize.

■ At its congress in Kiev last week, the Ukrainian National Movement for Perestroika, Rukh, voted to delete the "for Perestroika" from its name. The organization has now declared itself for independence, no more and no less. For the Ukrainians, the last straw was the shelving of the Shatalin plan for economic reform—a far from perfect document but one which recognized that reform must allow devolution of economic power away from Moscow. It is now plain that only by taking their fate into their own hands can Ukrainians hope to save their country from ruin and starvation. In an economic sense the Soviet Union is already a collection of feuding principalities. Mr. Gorbachev's obstinacy in defending narrow imperial interests instead of economic logic has brought Soviet disintegration, and therefore Ukrainian independence, a step closer.

■ In Moscow with Jane Fonda, Ted Turner marvels, "Here they [the Soviets] are, trying to emulate our system, which is collapsing." We don't go for that kind of talk, Turner. Our budgeting system is just as good as the Soviets'.

■ Meanwhile, chalk one up for capitalism in the election of Czechoslovakian Finance Minister Vaclav Klaus as chairman of Civic Forum by a vote of better than 2 to 1 over President Havel's candidate. Klaus is a man in a hurry. He wants to cut through the heavy layers of bureaucracy left in place when the Communist tide receded and to move fast toward the privatization of the centralized economy. But his initiatives have been blunted in the past by liberal associates of President Havel, who would rather tippie-toe toward capitalism than plunge into it. Klaus's election indicates that the people are becoming impatient with the intellectuals of the Charter 77 movement, whose opposition to Communism was political and whose economic views tend toward social-democratic rather than free-market solutions.

A reminder about our Young Writers' Competition: Anyone under 25 (with the restrictions noted in our last issue, p. 64) may enter; essays are to be no longer than 2,000 words, the prize is $500, and the deadline is December 17.

■ Those who hope for a civilized outcome to the South African transition will find two good omens in the agreement of Nelson Mandela and Mangosuthu Buthelezi to meet. The first is that it is an admission, on the part of Mandela's African National Congress, that the ANC has not won the hearts and minds of all South African blacks. The ANC needs to deal with the unradicalized blacks as much as it needs to deal with the whites. Second, Chief Buthelezi has long been pushing for the protection of minority rights, via decentralization and a bicameral legislature with checks and balances. These ideas now have a better chance of being heard.

■ *Scientific American* intended to hire Forrest Mims III to write a regular column on the mechanics of various modern contraptions, Mr. Mims's specialty for twenty years. What changed these plans was the discovery by editors of the journal that Mr. Mims is a Christian who does not entirely subscribe to the theories of evolution. These theories have nothing to do with what Mr. Mims would have been writing about, but they have the status of unshakable dogmas, verities to be revered rather than debated. "I would be against having such a person writing a column," one scientist told the *New York Times*, "because at the base, this philosophy could enter everything one does in science. And creationists are not doing science." True, religion isn't science, but neither is science religion. Evolution is a very plausible and illuminating theory, but it is nevertheless a theory, not a dogma. Those who would make it one are themselves not "doing science" either. Science requires more humility than that.

■ Our latest civics lesson features Madonna with an American flag draped around her, but otherwise dressed in character—i.e., in practically nothing. "Dr. King, Malcolm X," chants the starlet as a part of MTV's "Rock the Vote" effort, "freedom of speech is as good as sex." Not only is freedom of speech "as good as sex" to Madonna and the celebrity liberals of Hollywood; it has become indistinguishable from

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sex. But when it comes to voting for Senator Mitchell or Congressman Gephardt, they surely have to fake the orgasm.

■ The Repertory Theater of the Christian Theological Seminary has enlisted the help of the Sierra Club to stage an ecologically with-it update of *The Tempest*. Sorry, that's our bowling night.

■ A 45-foot humpback whale identified as Humphrey beached himself in the San Francisco area. Does anyone need a Republican candidate?

The Big Ugly

THE 1990 summit produced the largest tax increase in American history and, if the recent past is any guide, will give rise to a still higher deficit next year. None of the five earlier summits over the past nine years succeeded even in reducing the deficit below that year's level. The years not preceded by summits, i.e., years in which there were no new taxes to encourage new federal spending, saw the most progress: in 1984 spending growth was held to 5.4 per cent and the deficit dropped $23 billion, and in 1987 spending grew only 1.4 per cent and the deficit fell a record $71.5 billion. That should have been the big story.

But in the end this summit was concerned less with deficits than with distribution. Billed as a giant step toward fairness, it degenerated into a mindless attack on the rich. The Democrats succeeded in shifting the definition of "rich" down to $81,550, the point at which the top nominal income-tax rate (31 per cent) is slated to kick in, or perhaps even $51,300, the point at which the Medicare tax rise applies. If this succeeds in driving the "rich" into the Republican camp, this may prove to be the biggest political miscalculation in history.

The notorious tax-rate bubble is gone, but it has been replaced by steadily increasing marginal tax rates. And in popping one bubble Congress created a cauldron of less visible ones. The phase-out of personal exemptions, for example, means that effective tax rates will bubble up by half a percentage point *per family member* on income between $150,000 and $275,000, before reverting back to 31 per cent. A ten-person family would pay a 36 per cent effective rate over this range; a childless couple 32 per cent. And after personal exemptions are removed, another bubble—this one at 31.93 per cent—is formed when all vestiges of itemized deductions are stripped away. It makes no sense until you consider the politics of it: the bubbles give the Democrats a convenient excuse for demanding that rates on the very rich be increased again next year.

The only pro-growth element in this package—the preferential capital-gains rate—is largely nullified by the higher income-tax rate. Capital gains are capped at 28 per cent, so except for those taxpayers currently in the 33 per cent bubble, this is really no cut at all. None of the economic advantages that would have flowed from a substantial reduction in capital-gains rates—a higher savings rate, a lower cost of capital, higher tax revenues—will be forthcoming from so limited a cut, yet it will be visible enough to be regarded as a windfall for the wealthy. In the long run this may hurt more than it helps.

Thirty years' worth of progress in cutting the top income-tax rate has ground to a halt. The middle class, where real after-tax incomes are already falling, will fork over the bulk of the additional tax dollars. Bracket creep is back.

The portents are troubling. The dollar has sunk to new lows against the German Mark and is nearing its all-time low against the Japanese yen. It seems that capital is flowing out of the United States to nations where "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need" has lost its allure.

Going Gulfing?

WHILE THE Bush Administration proceeds with self-destruction domestically, it demonstrates tenacity and purpose in the Persian Gulf. It has not chosen as wise a course as it might, but at least the Administration's policy has a logic and a direction. It has committed itself to turning Saddam out of Kuwait and, we suspect, to inflicting permanent damage on his military machine.

Unfortunately, the Administration probably believes that its sending of a hundred thousand more troops will increase the pressure on Saddam while providing an excuse for putting off the final showdown for yet another month or two. And in accordance with the doctrinal preferences of the United States Army, which has supplied both the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the theater commander in the region, the Administration is preparing for a large-scale ground operation in Kuwait.

We doubt that it is wise to wait before using

Is Mr. Bush an Issue?

On platforms in New England, where
He came to help but got the air,
The President appeared bemused
By ten-foot poles the party used.

W. H. VON DREELE

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force. Saddam or others in the region may do things that will irrevocably weaken the coalition against him. Nor do we like the reliance on an early ground assault on Kuwait implied in these movements. A severe, and if necessary prolonged, air operation makes more sense, because it would reduce American casualties and allow us to achieve some of our objectives directly—particularly the destruction of Iraqi military industry (including chemical weapons plants). An early ground assault might make short work of the Iraqi army; it might also stall or even fail, and above all it might inflict thousands of unnecessary casualties on our forces.

The Administration remains obsessed with its initial strategy of building a vast coalition against Iraq, assembling a vast army in Saudi Arabia, and playing the crisis day by day. Hence its reluctance to speak about the recent massacre of Christian prisoners of war by the Syrians; its failure to do more than tut-tut at the murder of a prominent Christian leader, Dany Chamoun, his wife, and two young children; its lack of interest in Palestinian murders of Israeli civilians compared to its willingness to condemn Israel over the Temple Mount shootings.

Such *Realpolitik* is sometimes justified, but not, in this case, if its purpose is merely to keep the present coalition in being. Coalitions are like weapons: use them or lose them. By continually postponing action, we risk losing our allies, our principles, and our opportunity.

War Powers

THE ADMINISTRATION would prefer that Congress simply ratify its Gulf strategy and stay out of the way; Congress would like a say in whether there will be a war, but has no desire to make a decision. The former deludes itself if it thinks that it can take the American people to war (not a five-day shootout *à la* Panama) without the approval of their representatives. The latter would like authority without responsibility—"the prerogative of the harlot throughout the ages"—and must resign themselves to accepting a measure of both.

Little has been heard of the War Powers Act during this crisis, and a good thing too. Passed in the wake of the Vietnam War, it imposes ludicrous restraints on the President, who must pull American forces out of harm's way unless he receives express permission from Congress within a couple of months. Congressmen and senators admit as much: but they remind us, and with justice, that the Constitution does accord them the right to declare war. It would be folly for the Administration to duck this matter. It will need courage and tact to figure out a way to secure congressional approval for a Persian Gulf war that we may actually initiate. Let's hope that the crisis calls forth statesmanship of a higher order than we have seen over the budget.

Darmageddon

THIS IS the word being used on the Hill to describe the budget fiasco wrought by OMB Director Richard Darman. It was his particular vanity to suppose that he was clever enough to manipulate a system dominated by Democrats resolutely opposed to everything the Administration stood for. And his vanity found a hapless partner in George Bush's penchant for bipartisanship. Originally the strategy was based on extracting one or more key demands from Democrats—line-item veto, real spending reform, capital-gains cut, etc.—but these fell by the wayside early. Now that the White House has realized *none* of these gains, it should go without saying that Darman must go.

Unfortunately, it doesn't go without saying, which is why NATIONAL REVIEW has to say it. While we acknowledge it is generally futile to blame underlings for the failure of their superiors, it is clear that, because this President lacks a strong will of his own, policy drifts at the behest of the strongest winds. That meant Mr. Darman, whose advice was followed even at the last minute, when other Cabinet members, led by the Vice President, urged the President to veto any package and opt for a continuing resolution with a spending freeze.

Mr. Darman's own defense illustrates the degree of the problem. On CBS-TV's *Face the Nation*, he defended his package by saying the President was elected to "govern." This is more than the tautology it at first appears. What Mr. Darman was arguing was that campaign promises and principles are one thing, actual administration another; the more or less permanent ruling class ought not to be fettered by the former. This is a perfect Beltway self-portrait, in which voters are merely an irritant. Most of the President's problems today derive from his failure to recognize his mistakes. Sacking Darman would represent the first sign that he has begun to understand where he went so disastrously wrong.

Two More Years?

THE MAGNITUDE of George Bush's ineptitude must be measured against the expectations that the Republican Party entertained as late as early summer. The GOP hoped to pick off a number of weak Democratic senators—Paul Simon, Claiborne Pell, Tom Harkin—for a possible net

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gain. In the House it hoped to hold its own. One important governor's race (Texas) looked solid, while another (California) looked like an even shot. These hopes were encouraged by a strong anti-incumbent mood, which might have been turned against the party that in fact dominates Congress and most state governments; a President riding on record approval ratings; most of all, a simple political message: "No new taxes. We pay enough already, thanks. Anyone who's really worried about the deficit has to start cutting goodies."

When the President let it be known that his opposition to new taxes wasn't so firm after all, it wasn't predictable exactly *what* bad things would happen, only that bad things would happen. Bush retreated first to the position that he would raise some taxes, but only in return for a cut in the capital-gains tax. All right, he said next, we'll raise some taxes and keep the capital-gains tax the highest imposed by any significant Western industrial power, but we won't raise income-tax rates. Okay, okay, he said at last, we'll have higher taxes, no lowering of the capital-gains tax, and a boost of the top income-tax rate, from 28 per cent to 31 per cent.

RIGHT DATA

The Vanishing Voter

ACCORDING to a poll taken four weeks before election day, only 27 per cent of the American people think Congress is doing a good job, and two-thirds believe it's time to throw the rascals out. But if recent history is any guide, few congressmen need worry about their re-election prospects:

VOTERS AND INCUMBENTS

	Percentage of Voting Age Population Casting Votes		House Incumbents	
	For President	For Representatives	Number Defeated	Percentage Re-elected
1974		35.9	48	87.7
1976	53.5	48.9	16	95.8
1978		34.9	24	93.7
1980	52.6	47.4	37	90.7
1982		38.0	39	90.1
1984	53.1	47.7	19	95.4
1986		33.4	8	98.0
1988	50.2	45.0	7	98.5

Only seven incumbent congressmen—1.5 per cent of those seeking re-election—lost in 1988. Five were involved in issues of moral turpitude, leaving at most two rejected on the basis of policy issues.

In fact, winning votes seems to be less important here than strengthening institutions that make voters irrelevant. Creative redistricting on the part of state legislatures has given rise to the "safe seat": one in four House members will be unopposed by a major-party candidate this year, as will four senators. Thanks to gerrymandering, Democrats were able to win 60 per cent of House seats in 1988 with only 53 per cent of the total vote.

Re-election science took a quantum leap forward in 1974. That year's campaign-finance law limited individual campaign contributions to $1,000, sharply restricting the ability of political unknowns to raise funds. Political-action committees, supposed to neutralize the role of money in political campaigns, have instead tilted the playing field further in the incumbents' favor. In 1986, for example, PAC money represented 26 per cent of the campaign funds of the average Democrat, versus 10 per cent for the average Republican.

To limit PAC influence Congress seems inclined to have congressional campaigns partly or wholly financed by tax money. Unfortunately, neither spending limits nor public financing will deprive incumbents of a massive edge. Congressmen already receive public financing in the form of franked mail and staff support worth more than $1.5 million in this election cycle (1989–90), according to the Heritage Foundation. The postal privilege alone will cost taxpayers $136 million ($311,000 per congressman), dwarfing the $102 million donated by PACs and exceeding the $130 million contributed by individuals to all House candidates during the last election cycle. The average incumbent spends more on postage than the average challenger spends on his entire election campaign.

In the long run the biggest threat to political competition is voter apathy. During the last off-year election two-thirds of potential voters stayed at home. Of course, that was before the S&L scandal, a weakening economy, and "read my hips." If 1982 is any indication, the bad times will bring forth a significantly larger voter turnout. Unfortunately, there is no guarantee that that will change appreciably the rate at which incumbents are returned to office.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

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This performance, delivered fumblingly and at great length, has fixed several perceptions in the public mind about Mr. Bush. He seems, for starters,

1. Dishonest. The man who was hammered in the Republican primaries in 1980 for insufficient opposition to high taxes seemed, by 1988, to have been sincerely converted to Reaganite views. Now, once again, higher taxes become the necessary tool of the prudent statesman. The conclusion must be that the Bush of two years ago was disingenuous. Ronald Reagan backed off on his tax pledges too, most notably in 1982. But he could at least say, given his record as a tax fighter and his historic 1981 tax reforms, that he was falling one step back in order to take two steps forward. Bush cannot make this argument because he also seems to be

2. Unprincipled. If Bush does not care about the centerpiece of his election campaign, what does he care about? A pall of doubt settles on all his other actions. We don't know Saddam Hussein's position on tax policy, but we are confident that he, or his underlings, watch CNN. What is their measure of their opponent now? Will there be yet more civil-rights bills? clean-air bills? disability bills? Why not? Who is there to oppose them, given that Bush is so

3. Ineffective. The great irony of the budget, of course, is that honesty and principle were sacrificed to the siren call of pragmatism, which has left its listeners where it usually deposits them—on the rocks. Pragmatists never know what they're doing, because they never know why they're doing it. Without theory, the facts are dumb. So it has proved in this case—though there was an especially comic quality to the bungling of these particular pragmatists, as of Pierre Rinfret writ large.

We do not know, as we write, the precise political fallout of the budget meltdown, though it seems likely to include no Republican gains in the Senate, and largeish losses in the House. The President, meanwhile, has dropped 25 points in the polls.

Partly in despair over this kind of thing, numbers of conservatives have clambered aboard the bandwagon of limiting congressional terms. This is a question that must be considered on its considerable merits. It should be said, however, that the present system's inability to oust incumbents should not be considered proven simply because Republicans of George Bush's stripe have failed to oust them.

As of now, the incumbent with the weakest grip on his office is the one in the White House.

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah

No one's trampling out the vintage,
  And the peasantry looks bored,
As consumers loose their thunder
  Over where the spuds are stored;
Gorby's on the point of falling
  On his terrible, swift sword
While Yeltsin marches on.

W. H. VON DREELE

Doing Something Right

IT'S LUCKY that the White House and Congress couldn't compromise on the "civil rights" bill. The terms the Bush Administration was willing to accept would have given away the store.

The White House sought, for example, a $150,000 cap on damages leveled against private employers in lawsuits brought by employees charging discrimination. But the bill created an incentive to make such accusations. The cash amount mattered far less than the principle. The Administration was also willing to shift the burden of proof from the accuser to the accused—a fairly important reversal of our legal tradition. It would have been up to employers to prove that any allegedly discriminatory hiring or promoting practice met the "business necessity" criterion.

In the end the President made the right decision, but not in a way that inspires much confidence. The Democrats deserve most of the credit. They're the ones who made the alternative unbearable even when he was ready to capitulate.

Mr. Bush should have taken the offensive long ago, announcing that "civil rights" has become a code-term for both racial privilege and the aggrandizement of discretionary state power over the individual. He ceded the moral high ground to the demagogues. They'll continue to attack him from it.

The New McCarthyism

KGB: The Inside Story, by Soviet defector Oleg Gordievsky, is driving our liberal friends berserk. In it Gordievsky says that: a) FDR advisor Harry Hopkins was an unconscious agent of "major significance" to the Soviet Union; b) Harry Dexter White was a conscious Soviet agent; c) Alger Hiss periodically delivered State Department documents to Whittaker Chambers; and d) Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were "dedicated and courageous Soviet agents."

This, liberals say, is the New McCarthyism. As we understand it from an indignant column in the *New York Times* by Anthony Lewis, it is a matter not so much of Gordievsky saying what he said about Harry Dexter White, as of *Time* magazine failing to disclose that many of the charges Gordievsky made

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about White were rehashes of charges that had been made earlier. Lewis concludes: "I do not know what Harry Dexter White may have done. I do know that no one can judge that fairly on the basis of one-sided evidence, however often repeated. And why is it being repeated now?" The answer, surely, is that it was not being repeated but confirmed, by someone who was in a position to know from the other side. If Mr. Lewis has reasons to doubt Gordievsky, he might give them.

About Gordievsky's most startling statement of all, that Alger Hiss was indeed a Soviet spy, there is an embarrassed silence on the Left. We deeply sympathize.

The Biter Bit

IN ITS September 17 cover story, "St. Ralph and His Web of Interests," *Forbes* magazine's Peter Brimelow and Leslie Spencer conducted a Nader-type raid on Ralph Nader. It established from IRS and other sources that Nader has built a rich and powerful but little-known empire—some 29 organizations with assets of at least $23 million and revenues of $75 to $80 million—and demonstrated that he is financially and politically allied with special interests such as labor unions, plaintiff attorneys, and, incredibly, insurance companies that foolishly hope to use him to pass their costs on to Detroit and the consumer. This in turn helps explain many Nader attitudes—why, for example, this "consumer advocate" has never spoken up about the cost to consumers of protectionism.

Although Nader told the *New York Times* only last year that he still lives in that famous "simple room," *Forbes* claims that for nearly twenty years his actual home has been a substantial Washington, D.C., townhouse. And, despite Nader's enthusiasm for regulation, his personal tax-exempt foundation, the Center for the Study of Responsive Law (net worth: $6.3 million; revenues: $1.9 million), and several of its D.C.-based affiliates have failed to register with Washington's Department of Consumer and Regulatory Affairs.

In bellowings dutifully amplified through his mouthpieces in the *Times* and the *Washington Post*, Nader asserted he would sue *Forbes*. But we gather no suit had been filed at press-time. And Nader has ducked invitations extended by CNN's *Crossfire*, CBS's *Nightwatch*, ABC's *Nightline*, and other shows to debate the article. He has, however, written to the trustees of the Gerald Loeb Award trying to get them to rescind this year's prize, which went to Mr. Brimelow and Miss Spencer for their 1989 article on how the liability crisis was enriching the plaintiff attorneys—and, indirectly, Nader.

Once More, with Feeling

As Saudi princes soften
  And Soviets hold back,
While Frenchmen reconsider
  Their desert bivouac,
The sound of Daniel Ellsberg
  Pied-piping in the streets
Has summoned from the woodwork
  The old, familiar bleats.

W. H. VON DREELE

Academic Watch

AN EXCEPTIONALLY important piece ran in the *New York Times* on October 28. It was called "The Rising Hegemony of the Politically Correct," and it reports on the existence of PC (politically correct) opinions and PCPs (politically correct persons) on campus.

"Instead of writing about literary classics and other topics, as they have in the past," the article said, "freshmen at the University of Texas next fall will base their compositions on a packet of essays on discrimination, affirmative action, and civil-rights cases." A professor told the *Times* it is inevitable that students will be graded on "political correctness." This is happening elsewhere too. Joe Segall resigned as president of Baruch College in New York after an academic accrediting agency deferred accreditation on the grounds that Baruch College was not *graduating* enough blacks and Hispanics. (There was no complaint about the number admitted.)

The theorem goes: "My heart is pure. Whatever I do to advance my cause is right." It amounts to a resurgence of the psychology of totalitarianism, with intellectual honesty being bent to serve political and "idealistic" goals. It is a sad end to the idea of a liberal education.

Leonard Bernstein, R I P

ON OCTOBER 14, Leonard Bernstein, undeniably one of this century's seminal forces in the world of music, died in New York City at the age of 72. Exuberant and uninhibited as a composer, conductor, pianist, educator, and public personality, he was arguably the most talented musician this nation ever produced.

Our longtime friendship began in 1959, one year

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after he became music director of the New York Philharmonic. At that time I was director of Columbia Masterworks, the classical division of Columbia Records. Bernstein had a unique personal contract with the company: he could choose his own recording repertoire. Not since the days of Enrico Caruso had any artist been given such professional freedom.

At the same time, however, we also had under contract the conductors Bruno Walter, George Szell, and Eugene Ormandy. While Szell was skeptical of Bernstein, and Ormandy jealous, it was Bruno Walter who concerned me the most. At the outset of our relationship Bernstein made it clear he intended to record all the symphonies of Gustav Mahler, territory that for years had been the almost exclusive preserve of Walter, Mahler's most devoted disciple. It was also Walter whose indisposition on Sunday afternoon, November 14, 1943, gave Bernstein his by-now-historic symphonic debut.

In the late Fifties the Mahler symphonies, except for the First, were rarely performed, let alone recorded. Bernstein was convinced the public was now ready for these mammoth, complicated, and glorious examples of late Romanticism. In our planning talks, he was passionate, brilliant, and finally overwhelming in his views; we ended up scheduling all nine of them, plus *Das Lied von der Erde*, over the next several seasons, and beginning the series, not unimaginatively, with the First.

A day later, I suddenly remembered we had already agreed to record that same symphony with Bruno Walter. There was no stopping the project; Walter was an old man, in the last years of his life, and anxious to make his final artistic statement about his musical master. I decided to wait before telling Bernstein about this problem.

When a test pressing of the Walter performance was brought to me, I realized it was truly magnificent. With a nervous knot in my stomach I telephoned Bernstein to suggest we redraft our plans.

Bernstein's reaction was understandable; he was upset with the idea of remaking schedules, but after my glowing description of the performance, he asked to hear it for himself. A day later he called; he was obviously in tears. "My God, you're right," he said. "Forget our plans. This is fantastic, a great performance. I'll record the First at the end of our cycle. Nothing should interfere with this glorious performance." When I put down the phone, Bernstein's unabashed enthusiasm and collegial generosity had me for life.

We went to work on lots of other projects together—television specials, recordings, videocassettes, theatrical performances—all over the world. There was never a dull moment in the company of this extraordinary man, who more than any other contemporary figure used his personal magnetism to spread the gospel of music around the world.

Once, on a television special celebrating Beethoven's two-hundredth birthday, he described Beethoven's music as "accessible without being ordinary." It struck me at the time, and does even more now, that the phrase also describes Bernstein himself. He was, indeed, accessible without being the least bit ordinary.

"Music is something terribly special," he once said on a telecast. "It doesn't have to pass the censor of the brain before it can reach the heart."

Leonard Bernstein reached hearts all over the world. The world is a lesser place without him.

—SCHUYLER CHAPIN

Corinna Marsh, R I P

TART WAS the word for Corinna Marsh, tart and outspoken. Conservatives she regarded, *en principe*, as beyond the pale: war-mongering, self-interested, pitiless capitalists to a man. Within her beat a strong old-time compassionate socialist heart. But in the shabby two-room apartment in a rundown Manhattan hotel in which she lived in near penury for more than forty years, one was apt to meet a conservative or two, each of whose misguided political views she would excuse because her taste in people was more eclectic than her taste in politics. For the last 25 years of her life the major outlet for the light verse she excelled in was that bastion of everything she despised, NATIONAL REVIEW (her last verse in *NR* appeared this summer). And week after week she would write the editor of this journal sharp, caustic letters taking issue with this stand we had taken, or that. (She once remarked, after reviewing a book by Aloïse Heath, that NATIONAL REVIEW would be vastly improved if Aloïse Heath wrote *all* its articles.)

Corinna Marsh graduated from Barnard in 1914, a feminist, a pacifist, and a reformist. She had a distinguished career as a teacher, then in advertising, and for many years as editor-in-chief of the University Society, publisher of educational materials.

Her final years were a misery. She, who lived for books, went blind. She lost feeling in her extremities: that meant she could no longer cook, because her fingers couldn't hold the pots and pans. Her hearing dimmed. But she kept in touch with the world about her, and her keen mind never lost its cutting edge.

Our joke in the final couple of years was that when I called, instead of asking, "How are you, Corinna?" I would say, "Hello, Corinna. What awful thing has happened to you this week?" And she would laugh, and tell me, and change the subject. In her 95th year she wrote a book of verses as a Christmas present for forty or so very special friends, and

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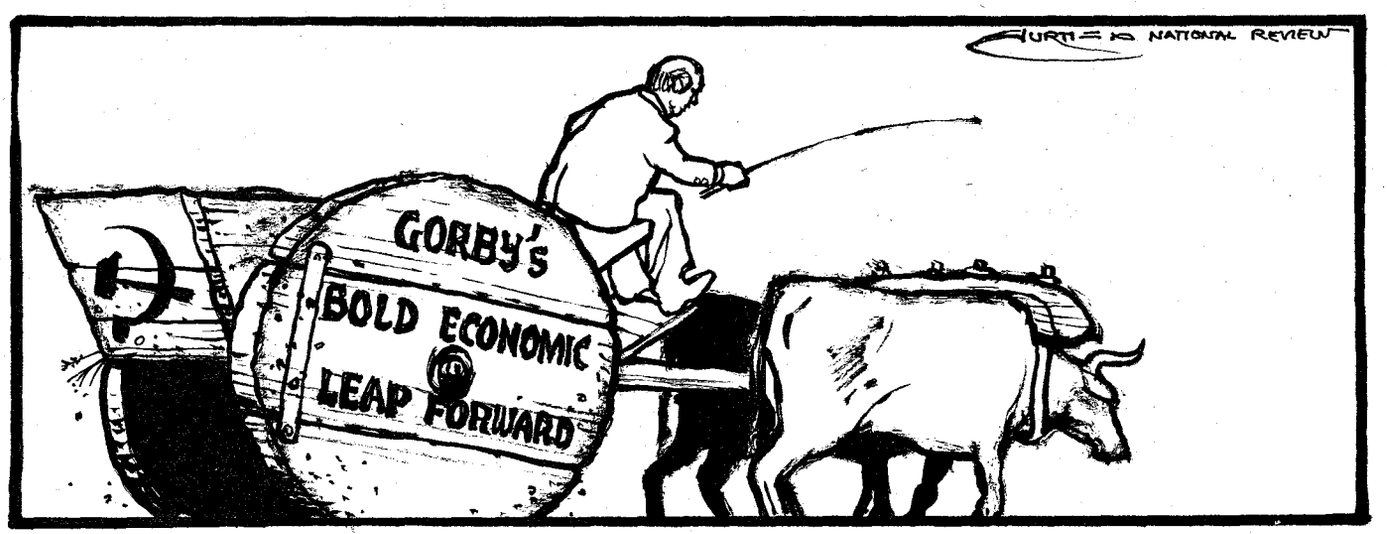

"Three, two, one . . . blast off!"

called it: *The Golden Years, My Foot!* She was wonderfully pleased by a letter she received about it from *New York Times* columnist Russell Baker.

Earlier this year Corinna Marsh was moved to a nursing home, which she loathed. Her friends prayed that she would be given the gift she most desired, her death. (Corinna herself, so much a product of her time and intellectual conditioning, did not pray.) Those prayers were answered a fortnight ago. She leaves a dearly beloved grandson, Philip, who was all any grandmother could have hoped for, and a considerable number of friends, for whom life without Corinna has lost a pinch of pepper. —PLB

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Inasmuch as WFB is no longer editor-in-chief, all correspondence intended for that office should be directed to John O'Sullivan. This obviously includes manuscripts. . . . WFB will continue to preside over Notes & Asides.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I was pondering the debate about arts funding and thought I would invite you and your readers to answer the following art quiz. Which of the following creations is art and which is nothing more than an ideological attack disguised as art: a crucifix immersed in urine titled *Piss Christ* or a bust of Nelson Mandela immersed in urine titled *Piss Mandela*? Which would be more likely to get NEA funding?

Sincerely yours,
Brian Nosby
Birmingham, Ala.

Dear Mr. Nosby: You have brought forth an ipse-dixitism. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am a 13-year-old, home-schooled boy who enjoys reading NATIONAL REVIEW. I hope you enjoy the following limerick which I wrote:

There once was a President named Bush,
And the Lithuanians he tried to shush.
"I won't hear your cry.
Why don't you all die?
And I'll keep kissing Gorbachev's tush."

John Calvin Traver
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear John: Let us have your next limerick, but this one earns a three-year vacation from limerick-writing. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am writing to request that you unsheathe your pen and attack a fraud which I keep detecting in national TV and radio news. This is the constant use of the (pejorative) term "conservatives" for those most strident and doctrinaire Communists in Eastern Europe and the USSR, as well as the description of the democratic, free-market reformers there as "the left wing" (honest, that's what they said!). This blatantly dishonest attempt to associate their bad guys (who really are) with our "bad guys" (meaning you and me and the other usual suspects) has got me sputtering. Is there any way to shame these network newspeakers into telling the truth?

Good luck and good hunting,
Michael Silva
Richmond, Calif.

Dear Mr. Silva: We can't win that one. I wrote about the problem 25 years ago (in *The Unmaking of a Mayor*). I like best the item in the *New York Times* a few years ago, "Conservatives in the Kremlin are cracking down on books that can be imported. Among the proscribed titles are . . . *The Conscience of a Conservative*, by Barry Goldwater." Conservatism becomes a linear measurement, half the time. Cordially, **—WFB**

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—William Rusher, former publisher National Review

MediaWatch is invaluable and it is great fun to read. It engages in the terribly unfair practice of quoting people accurately, a particularly nasty thing to do to the press. Keep it up!

—Elliott Abrams, former Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs

Where most conservatives complain vaguely about media bias, *MediaWatch* gives names, dates, and incriminating quotes. It reports the prejudices of the press in action, and pounces.

—Joseph Sobran, Senior Editor National Review

Every month when I receive *MediaWatch*, I can just see and hear the leftwingers in the major media gnashing their teeth. Bravo to *MediaWatch* for exposing the hypocrisy in so much of what's going on among the 'news' business in our time."

—Senator Jesse Helms

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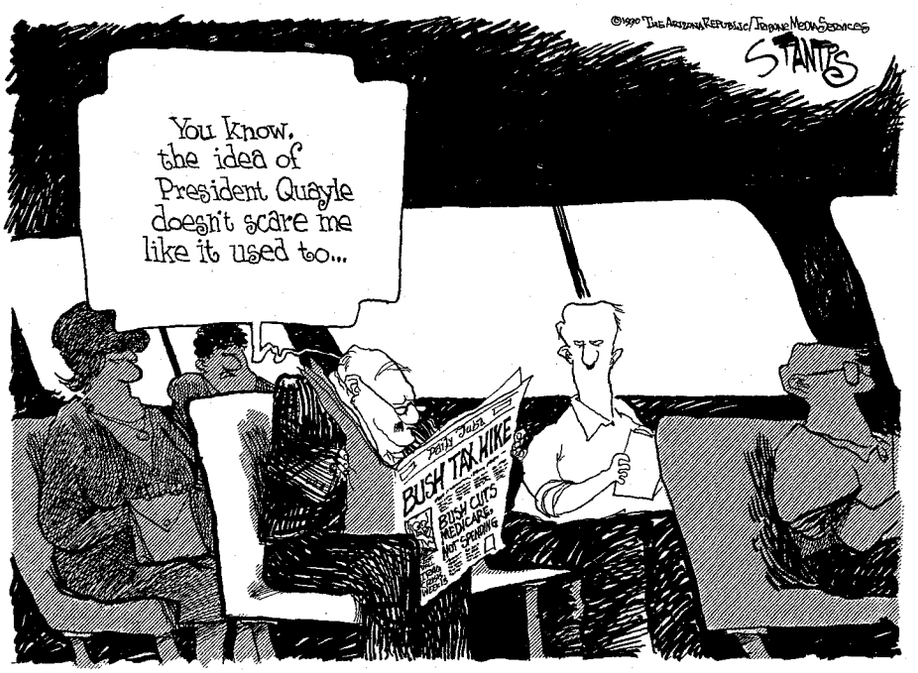
ON THE SCENE

Always the Last to Know

WILLIAM McGURN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STANTIS
You know, the idea of President Quayle doesn't scare me like it used to...
BUSH TAX HIKE
BUSH CUTS MEDICARE, NOT SPENDING

WASHINGTON, D.C.

ON THE Friday before the Democratic and Republican leadership came up with their final stab at a budget package, negotiations were still at an impasse and the government faced a shutdown by midnight. Two weeks earlier, after the House had rejected the first deal, President Bush had allowed the shutdown to occur so as to step up the pressure on Congress. This time he hinted that he would approve stop-gap legislation if there were "sincere" efforts at progress. Evidently the Democrats convinced him of their good intentions, because that afternoon Bush signed a continuing resolution to keep the government open.

Immediately after the signing the President rushed over to the office of House Minority Leader Bob Michel, where he conferred with the pro-tax Michel and an ad-hoc whip group—including such Republicans as Representative Don Sundquist (R., Tenn.)—to counter the official whip operation of Representative Newt Gingrich, who had succeeded in getting a majority of House Republicans to side with him against both Bush and Michel to help bring down the last deal. Gingrich found out about the meeting. Furious, he and a number of supporters marched down to the minority leader's office and laid their cards on the table, blasting Chief of Staff John Sununu and OMB Director Richard Darman for their bumbling management of the budget process. When Sununu found out about the confrontation he was so enraged that he wanted to go down to the White House press room and launch an attack on Gingrich.

Allowing for a natural discharge of tempers, the episode says two things about the White House. On the tactical level, to carry on plotting with a minority leader who can't deliver his own troops doesn't say much for pragmatism; even pro-tax Senator Bob Dole (R., Kan.) made overtures to Gingrich following the first defeat. More important is the implication that the White House still has not appreciated how deep is the doo-doo it has stepped in. "I can tell you the President is beginning to understand," says one senior White House official.

Beginning to understand? Four months after the first uproar over his new thinking on his no-tax pledge, three months after the House Republicans formally served notice they would not support a tax increase to fund the deficit, less than one month after the American people lit up the congressional switchboard in opposition to any tax increase for any purpose, two weeks after the defeat of that first package, and in the thick of an election campaign in which Republican candidates are openly holding their noses when the President shows up, George Bush has to be the only one left who hasn't figured it out.

Twelve states have full-scale tax rebellions on their hands, and the Taxpayers Action Day Coalition staged a protest the last Saturday in October in more than two hundred cities. It has nothing to do with the rich, either. "When people say, 'Tax the rich,' what they're really saying is, 'My taxes are already too high,' " says Gingrich. Lighten that load and the cries of "soak the rich" will subside.

That's the message coming through loud and clear in GOPland. One of the National Republican Senatorial Committee's direct-mail appeals under Bush's signature brought in little cash but lots of unsolicited advice as to where the President could stuff his solicitation. Over on the House side, donations to the National Republican Congressional Committee all but dried up in October. Republican pollsters are saying that Bush is costing his own candidates an average of ten points in the polls.

The *Wall Street Journal*'s Paul Gigot has called it a civil war in the Republican Party, with all the ugliness that implies. Actually, it's more of a mutiny against the top brass. Those pushing for a deal that would include tax increases include the key House and Senate Republican leaders—Representatives Michel and Jerry Lewis (Calif.) and Senators Dole and Alan Simpson (Wyo.)—and Dar-

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man, Sununu, and Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady in the Administration. But there's a split within the Administration, with Vice President Dan Quayle, HUD Secretary Jack Kemp, and, so it is said, even Darman and Brady staffers fighting the deal.

But Gigot is right about the ugliness. Curiously enough, it has pretty much been one-sided; when a dozen GOP lawmakers tried to rally the party with an anti-tax press conference, they zeroed in on the Democrats. In sharp contrast, the White House has vented its pique on Republicans. While the President talks about "my dear friend, Danny Rostenkowski," his chief of staff has been publicly calling Senator Trent Lott (R., Miss.) "insignificant" and privately threatening to campaign against House members like Bob Walker (R., Pa.) for having the temerity to take their no-new-tax pledges seriously.

The reason is the deal. Up to the very end Bush was begging for some kind of budget package (much the same way the White House tried up until the end to get Ted Kennedy to water down his civil-rights bill so Bush could sign it), not realizing that a bipartisan package—*any* package—is itself the problem. Whatever the outcome, voters are bound to hold it against the Republicans, because while the Democrats were just being Democrats, the Republicans had to break their most important promise to behave like Democrats.

When Eisenhower was pressed in the 1960 presidential campaign to come up with one major Nixon initiative, his response—"If you give me a week, I might think of one"—was deadly. Almost halfway into his Presidency Bush is in a similar fix. All his accomplishments are reactionary: vetoing Great Society initiatives when the Democrats get too greedy, or hopping aboard the me-too train (clean air, disabilities, gay rights, child care, etc.) when he thought he could get away with it. The point is, when you've based everything on your approval rating, once it goes you have nothing to pull you through.

Instead, the search is on for villains—but not Democratic villains. At a White House meeting with Republican leaders just before the final deal, Bush intimated that he'd like to see NRCC chief Ed Rollins's head roll. Rollins's crime? Advising GOP House members to stand firm on their no-tax promises, even if it meant distancing themselves from the President. The latest word is that Bush won't sign any NRCC direct-mail fundraisers so long as Rollins remains. Maybe they ought to take him up on it. □

Can Salinas Save Mexico?

ROBERT S. STROTHER

CUERNAVACA

WATCHING Carlos Salinas de Gortari trying to reform Mexico's economic and political systems simultaneously is like watching a Chinese juggler in silk gown and pigtail keep a dozen dinner plates spinning on the ends of limber bamboo sticks. An important difference between Salinas and the juggler is that we know the latter will never break a plate.

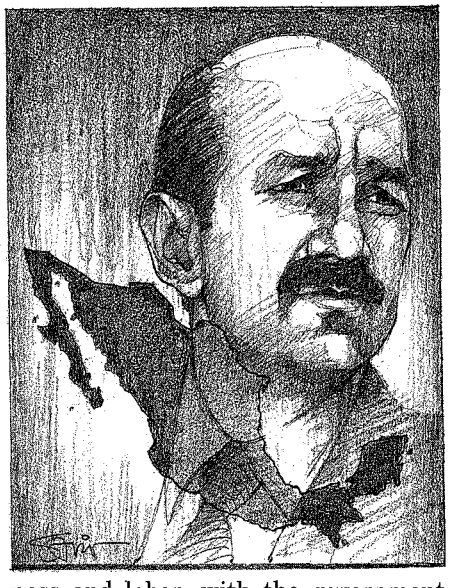
Mexico's young president is determined to give his country a multiparty political system and a market economy. The business community is solidly behind him, as is much of the opposition National Action Party (PAN), which has advocated many of his proposed reforms for years. Flatly against them is the far-left Party of the Democratic Revolution (PRD) headed by Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas, a pal of Fidel Castro.

There is also trouble within his own *Partido Revolucionario Institucional* (PRI). It has governed Mexico at every level—federal, state, and municipal—for more than sixty years. Its top officials are professional politicians who, like football coaches, take an excessively dim view of losing. When the PAN candidate plainly won the governorship of Baja California last year, Salinas committed a near miracle. He ordered the PRI to concede its loss, he congratulated the winner, and he promised cooperation. Those sportsmanlike gestures, unheard of in Mexican politics, left PRI officials aghast, but set no precedent. Opposition parties in virtually all local elections since have claimed that the PRI is still using its old *alquimia electoral*—dirty tricks—whenever necessary. Protestors have rioted in several states; some of them have been killed and many wounded.

Nonetheless, Salinas has an impressive list of achievements in his first twenty months in office: a great reduction in the rate of inflation; the opening of markets to competition from imports; the sale of many state-owned businesses (*paraestatales*); the jailing of crooked cops, corrupt union chiefs, and drug lords; and approval by the Congress of the "reprivatization" of both the banking system and Teléfonos de México (Telmex).

The danger is in stopping the reforms halfway, as happened in both Argentina and Brazil. Each curbed raging inflation three or four years ago, only to collapse into hyperinflation even more ruinous than before. That, critics say, is still a possibility for Mexico.

Inflation here roared to a devastating 160 per cent in 1987, but an "economic solidarity pact" between business and labor, with the government enforcing strict controls over wages and prices, brought it down to 51.7 per cent in 1988, and to a shade under 20 per cent last year. The *pacto* has been renewed at intervals since, but its magic is wearing thin. Prices are rising, there are food shortages, and the rate of inflation, forecast at 15 per cent for 1990, had reached that level by mid-year. The *pacto* has been extended to January 31, 1991, and presi-



Savio Mizzi

Mr. Strother is NR*'s Mexican correspondent.*

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dential hopes to establish a market economy have been postponed.

Salinas has done well in foreign relations. By abandoning the traditional anti-*yanqui* mindset, he won the help of the Bush Administration in his debt-reduction project. His trip to Japan, Singapore, and Australia to tout investment opportunities in Mexico was rated a success. His children participated in that effort by conversing with their Tokyo hosts in Japanese. (That was no improvised public-relations gimmick; the children have attended the Japanese school in Mexico City for two years.)

Salinas's warm reception at every stop created a sort of euphoria in the Mexican business community. That mood was reinforced a few weeks later by the great increase in oil revenues that followed Saddam Hussein's exploit in brigandage. Petróleos Mexicanos (Pemex), the government's petroleum monopoly, is exporting 1.5 million barrels of oil a day, at prices double those of early summer.

Total foreign capital investment in Mexico at year's end was $24 billion. The government seeks to double that by 1994, but many believe this goal will be hard to achieve. Investors are keenly aware that in a single fortnight in late summer of 1982, President José López Portillo dealt two staggering blows to his government's credibility: he confiscated 13 billion U.S. dollars on deposit in Mexican banks, giving the owners *pesos* worth half as much, then topped that by expropriating the entire Mexican banking system.

Repeated devaluations of the *peso* earlier in his reign and in that of his old pal and predecessor, Luis Echeverría, had caused the flight of perhaps $80 billion. There is today no shortage of Mexican-owned capital; it's just that much of it isn't in Mexico.

Both Mexican and foreign investors demand guarantees that their property will be safe from lawless official caprice. U.S. Trade Representative Carla Hills, while in Mexico last spring, urged adoption of a strong new law to that effect.

A leading Japanese executive spoke out even more bluntly. Rokuro Ishikawa, director of the powerful Chamber of Commerce and Industry (MITI), said Mexico's restrictive regulations "might lead to greater corruption . . . and preserve a system which is at best both obsolete and of low productivity." His remarks ruffled some official Mexican feathers.

Fernando Solana, Mexico's foreign minister, said stiffly: "Mexico will follow its own path in accordance with its own interests. Given the rules that are being established, foreigners can decide whether to invest or not."

Salinas not only let that pass, but confirmed it a few days later while in Singapore. That led to continuing speculation on how seriously even he takes the need for privatization.

Luis Pazos, an internationally known economist, estimates that 70 per cent of Mexico's debts were caused by the inflated payrolls and huge operating losses of the *paraestatales*. Privatization is essential to transform taxeaters into taxpayers.

The number of *paraestatales* has in fact been greatly reduced since 1983. There were 1,155 of them then, and there are only 389 today. But a closer look reveals that almost all the companies sold, merged, or otherwise disposed of were of no great consequence, and the capital retrieved was relatively small. And it now emerges that, with the exception of the banking system and Telmex, the government has no intention of privatizing its big money-losers.

Much hinges on the outcome of the 1991 nationwide elections. Salinas has done about all he can do by edict, and now requires a congressional majority. Can he muster it?

There are signs that the three main pillars of PRI strength are crumbling. Many unions are breaking away from the PRI to protest the holding down of wages under the anti-inflation pact. Most of the 3.4 million *campesinos* (farmers) are living in acute poverty on tiny parcels of government-owned land, and their patience is wearing dangerously thin. And the four million functionaries on the payrolls of governments or of the *paraestatales* are nervous: half their jobs are superfluous, and would be abolished under true reform.

The opposition has a lot of popular discontent to work with. Living standards for most Mexicans have fallen by 30 per cent or more since 1982. The minimum legal daily wage in Mexico City is 10,800 *pesos*, about $4, but the cost of the basic daily food basket is about twice that. Forty per cent of Mexico's children are undernourished.

There are other woes. Taxes are higher, more numerous, and much more rigorously collected than before. The "tax terrorism," as the newspapers call it, contrasts with the lenity toward officials accused of stealing or wasting public funds. And while the government holds down workers' wages, it has recently doubled or tripled charges for several of the most important services it provides, including electric power and telephones.

Of no less immediate concern is the crime wave. Highway robberies, armed assaults on homes by masked men in daylight, and kidnappings for ransom are reported almost daily. In one horrendous instance, two boys aged eight were kidnapped in the city of Morelia. Their families scraped up the huge ransoms demanded. But the kidnappers panicked, decapitated the boys, and escaped.

The Bush Administration and the American public wish both Carlos Salinas and Mikhail Gorbachev success in their battles for reform. While media attention is riveted on the drama in Moscow, the fate of Salinas is of more direct importance to the United States. A Salinas failure could touch off events of enormous consequence, including an uncontrollable stampede for the border. A victory, however, might well enable Mexico to become an economic powerhouse to rival South Korea, Singapore, or Taiwan by the year 2000. □

Making Up Is Hard to Do

IAN ALEXANDER

MANAMA, BAHRAIN

SIGNS ARE developing, on both sides of the Iraq–Kuwait crisis, of tentative efforts to find a face-saving compromise. All such efforts are based on total or at least significant Iraqi withdrawal from Kuwait. All are roundly denied by the leading antagonists: Presidents Saddam Hussein and George Bush, and King Fahd bin Abdulaziz of Saudi Arabia.

François Mitterrand of France floats

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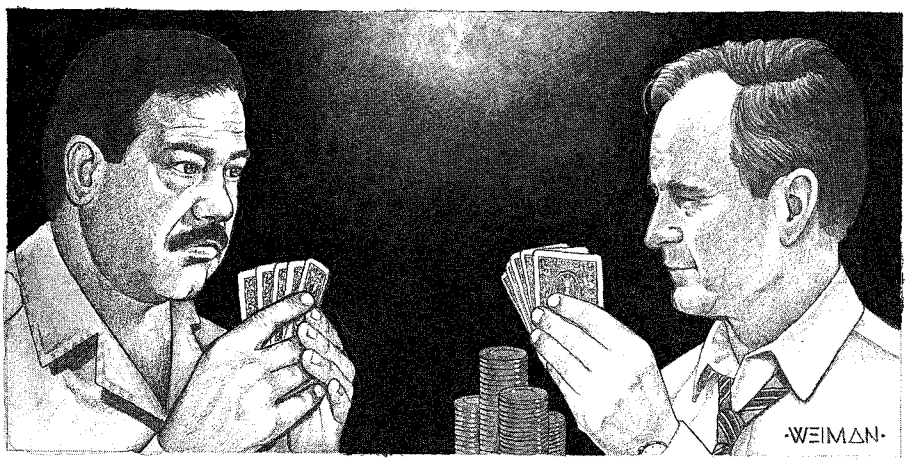
a democratic balloon, suggesting elections following an Iraqi pullout from Kuwait; Yasir Arafat of Palestine (who increasingly represents only a totally radicalized, minority constituency) senses a growing mood in Baghdad favoring compromise.

From exile, a former Speaker of Kuwait's Parliament notes (the first fissure in the Kuwaiti united front) that the Al Sabah ruling family will not be needed when the country is truly liberated; from the Iraqi ether, an unattributed statement emerges suggesting Baghdad's minimum requirements are, simply, "a part of the border area and the Bubayan islands."

Saddam must be seriously considering how to withdraw under cover of Kuwaiti concessions. With hardly a friend left, surely he must be devoting an ever larger corner of his mind to how to get out of his self-made trap.



Jon Weiman

It would be a remarkable effort if he were able to do so, and survive. What follows is what serious observers expect to see advanced as possible points of compromise:

1. Saddam wanted a 12-mile-wide slice of Kuwait, as he believes (and geologists agree) it is rich in oil; before the invasion, the Kuwaitis had offered five miles. Serious dealing could find a compromise.

2. The Kuwaitis provided Baghdad with an estimated $12 to $15 billion in loans during the war with Iran; they could forgive the debt, as have the Saudis (their loans to Iraq totaled in excess of $25 billion).

3. Saddam claims the Kuwaitis have tapped some $2.4 billion worth of oil from Iraqi reserves, through lateral drilling (not, incidentally, allowed in the U.S. because of its potential for contention); whatever the merits of the claim, the Kuwaitis could pay it.

4. Iraq has historically felt threatened by limited access to the sea, and has long coveted the defensively important, otherwise useless Bubayan islands owned by Kuwait; Kuwait could lease them for a nominal amount, or even pass title to Iraq. This issue may have diminished with the shocking settlement of the Iran conflict, wherein Saddam reverted to the *status quo ante bellum*. However, lack of defensible access to the sea remains a major point of insecurity for Iraq.

5. Saddam has said the Al Sabahs may not return to power in Kuwait; in the ever-shifting climate of Middle East politics, he could amend this position to specify the current ruler, Sheikh Jabir Al Sabah, as *persona non grata*, and accept another member of the family taking power.

6. Last but far from least, Saddam would have to accept a formula for demerging with Kuwait and withdrawing all Iraqi forces; a UN-sponsored and -monitored plebiscite on maintaining ties with Iraq could be held, which all observers believe would roundly endorse the *status quo ante*.

Even if the allies and Saddam were both to decide that negotiation was the way to go, and even if the negotiations succeeded—which remains very hard to envision—how would Iraqis react to still another climbdown? Could they stomach another gross admission of failure, hard on the heels of the handing over to Iran of everything for which five hundred thousand Iraqis died in the 1980–88 war?

Some argue that there is no longer a potential for popular Iraqi reaction, that the masses have been thoroughly cowed by 22 years of what a critic with a flair for homophonic linguistic games might term *saddamy*. Others note the deluge of supportive phone calls received by the American Embassy in Baghdad following President Bush's videotaped speech on Iraqi television (aired without prior notice in a low-viewing time slot).

Among the Iraqi *nomenklatura*, it is reported that many are simply waiting for a chance to move against Saddam. Despite his penchant for personally dispatching associates whom he suspects have the slightest doubt about his infallibility, experienced Iraq-watchers are certain that many in the military were strongly opposed to the Kuwait invasion. These officers would only be more frustrated in the event of a climbdown.

To the satisfaction of virtually every senior Gulf Arab, there appears hardly any way for Saddam to retreat safely. The mood of the leadership of the Gulf Cooperation Council states (Saudi Arabia, Bahrain, Qatar, United Arab Emirates, Oman, and Kuwait) is that there can be no real peace so long as Saddam remains in power. Says one senior minister, "Whatever the risk, the leadership in Baghdad must be replaced. In this case, the devil we know is *not* better than the one we don't know (if in fact he turns out to be one)."

Long-term economic stability in the region also clearly rests on the disappearance of Saddam from the scene, and not just in terms of secure oil reserves. While a number of American and European firms remain interested in pursuing industrial projects that were under consideration before the invasion of Kuwait, everything is on hold until the crisis is resolved. "No one will make a commitment until there is peace," says the international vice president of a leading American multinational with a long history in the area. "They should not and they will not, until Saddam Hussein is removed from the stage."

Removal will almost certainly not come peacefully, even assuming a negotiated withdrawal from Kuwait. "Who could expect a man who killed many to attain power and has killed thousands more to retain it, to step aside peacefully?" asked a top European diplomat whose country has had close dealings with Iraq. "This leopard is systemically incapable of changing his spots." It is difficult to find any knowledgeable observer in the area who disagrees. □

Mr. Alexander is a longtime observer of the Middle East.

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New Paradigms

THE MUSLIMS ARE COMING! THE MUSLIMS ARE COMING!

Muslimphobia is growing in the West, fueled more by an influx of brown-skinned taxidrivers and factory workers than by Saddam Hussein. How frightened should we be?

DANIEL PIPES

RICHARD CONDON, author of *The Manchurian Candidate*, recently declared: "Now that the Communists have been put to sleep, we are going to have to invent another terrible threat." This is, of course, complete nonsense. The Communists have hardly been "put to sleep"; they have plenty of punch left in them, especially in the Third World. Further, Americans did not invent the Soviet threat—tanks, ICBMs, and a global ideology made it real enough. And far from needing "another terrible threat" to replace the Soviet Union, we should look to perfecting liberty and free markets here at home. If that's too heady, we ought to be quite happy to go back to watching baseball or saving money for the next vacation.

Condon's strain of thought, which is by now widely held, may stem in large part from the disappointment Americans experienced after World War II. The victory over fascism was supposed to inaugurate a new era, courtesy of the United Nations and modern science. Then Stalin and Mao dashed this euphoria. Reluctant to be fooled a second time, Americans are now preparing themselves for yet another adversary.

And so it is that Americans, and Europeans as well, are turning in increasing numbers to a very traditional bogeyman—the Muslim. Some focus on a single country (in April, four months before the invasion of Kuwait, *Newsweek* dubbed Saddam Hussein "Public Enemy No. 1"), but most look at the Middle East as a whole, if not the entire Muslim world.

In 1984, Leon Uris explained that his purpose in writing *The Haj*, a novel, was to warn the West "that we have an enraged bull of a billion people on our planet, and tilted the wrong way they could open the second road to Armageddon." But Muslimphobia took off in 1989, a by-product of the orgy of speculation that accompanied the liberation of Central Europe.

Concerns about a Muslim threat divide into two distinct varieties. One concentrates on Iran, Libya, and the other hostile states, and sees a military force bent on *jihad* (Islamic righteous war). The other, focusing on migration to the West, fears that Muslim immigrants will subvert Western civilization from within.

The last time Muslims physically threatened Christendom (a term increasingly coming back into vogue) was in 1683, when Ottoman soldiers camped outside the walls of Vienna. The memory of this event has been revived. Thus, William S. Lind (who once served as an advisor to Gary Hart) worries that "the implication of a Soviet collapse . . . might be that Muslim armies would again be besieging the gates of Vienna."

Peter Jenkins, a leading British commentator, concurs, seeing today's problem in the light of a conflict going back six and a half centuries: "Keeping Islam at bay was Europe's preoccupation from 1354, when Gallipoli fell, until the last occasion on which the Turks stood at the gates of Vienna, in 1683. It is once more a preoccupation in the face of the Islamic Revolution."

Editorial writers at London's *Sunday Times* found that the concept of containment still holds:

> Almost every month the threat from the Warsaw Pact diminishes; but every year, for the rest of this decade and beyond, the threat from fundamentalist Islam will grow. It is different in kind and degree from the cold-war threat. But the West will have to learn how to contain it, just as it once had to learn how to contain Soviet Communism.

Mr. Pipes, director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute in Philadelphia, had two books, The Rushdie Affair *and* Greater Syria, *published this spring.*

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Far from representing the eccentric thoughts of a few commentators, such fears appear to touch a nerve deep in the Western psyche. To cite one piece of survey research, a poll conducted in mid 1989 asked French citizens, "Which of the following countries appear to you today to be the most threatening to France?" In response, 25 per cent said Iran, 21 per cent the USSR, and 14 per cent the Arab countries in general. More than half the respondents—57 per cent to be exact—believed that one or more of the Muslim states are most threatening to France. Similar opinions can be found in the other countries of Western Europe.

Some Muslims, the fundamentalists, encourage these fears. For one, they declare that the great conflict of this age is not between capitalism and Communism, but between the West and Islam. The fundamentalists boast that they will win this battle. Editorialists at *Jomhuri-ye Islami*, a Teheran daily, put it baldly earlier this year: "Westerners have correctly understood that the world movement of Islam is the biggest threat to the 'corrupt Western empire.'" Ali Akbar Mohtashemi, the leading ideologue in the Iranian leadership, frequently makes this point: "The world in the future will have several powerful blocs. . . . Ultimately Islam will become the supreme power." From Morocco to Indonesia, Muslims of a fundamentalist disposition share this outlook.

Responding to Jihad

HOW SHOULD the West respond? Some say the key is building cooperation among Western states. On the mundane level, industrial democracies should band together and preserve the liberal traditions of freedom of speech, freedom of religion, and the like; and they should cooperate against terrorism and other acts of violence. NATO should be extended outside of the European theater. SDI should be developed for use against Iraqi or Libyan missiles.

More imaginative are those who would reach out to the Christian portions of the Soviet empire as an ally against the Muslims. As the three Slavic republics, the three Baltic republics, and Moldavia, Georgia, and Armenia return to their historic allegiances, they can extend the reach of Europe eastward. The most provocative notion involves building a military alliance with these peoples, and especially the Russians. The London *Sunday Times* calls on the West and the Soviet Union jointly to "prepare for the prospect of an enormous and fundamentalist Islamic wedge" stretching from Morocco to China. William Lind has suggested that "Russia's role as part of the West takes on special importance in the light of a potential Islamic revival. . . . The Soviet Union holds the West's vital right flank, stretching from the Black Sea to Vladivostok." Walter McDougall, the Pulitzer Prize–winning historian, sees Russia holding the frontier of Christendom against its common enemy. Should the Russian empire in Central Asia threaten to collapse, a full-scale religious war fought with nuclear, chemical, and biological weapons is not impossible. The Iraqis and Iranis have already proven themselves capable of it, and the desperate and frustrated Russians certainly possess the means. Even more than Israel/Palestine, the old caravan routes of Central Asia may contain the site of the next Sarajevo.

What is one to make of these ideas? To begin with, they are a great improvement over the supine policies that many Western states, especially European ones, have adopted in recent years. It is better to exaggerate the danger of Libyan thuggery than to lick Qaddafi's boots—as too many Westerners have done since the oil boom of 1973–74.

Muslim fundamentalists encourage Western fears by declaring that the great conflict is between the West and Islam. And they boast that they will win.

Further, the fear of Islam has some basis in reality. From the Battle of Ajnadayn in 634 until the Suez crisis of 1956, military hostility has always defined the crux of the Christian–Muslim relationship. Muslims served as the enemy *par excellence* from the *Chanson de Roland* to the Orlando poems, from *El Cid* to *Don Quixote*. In real life, southern Europeans won their statehood by expelling Muslim overlords, from the Spanish *reconquista* beginning in the early eleventh century to the Albanian war of independence ending in 1912.

Today, many Muslim governments dispose of large arsenals; the Iraqi army, for example, has more tanks than does the German, and the missiles banned from Europe by the Intermediate Nuclear Force treaty can be found in the Middle East. Middle Eastern states have turned terrorism into a tool of statecraft. About a dozen Muslim states have chemical and biological war capabilities. Impressive capacities to manufacture a wide range of matériel have been established in Egypt, Iraq, Iran, Pakistan, and Indonesia. Before long, several of these states are likely to deploy atomic bombs.

To make matters worse, Muslims have gone through a trauma during the last two hundred years—the tribulation of God's people who unaccountably found themselves at the bottom of the heap. The strains have been enormous and the results agonizing; Muslim countries have the most terrorists and the fewest democracies in the world. Only Turkey (and sometimes Pakistan) is fully democratic, and even there the system is frail. Everywhere else, the head of government got to power through force—his own or someone else's. The result is endemic instability plus a great deal of aggression.

But none of this justifies seeing Muslims as the paramount enemy.

For one thing, not all Muslims hate the West. Survey research and elections suggest that Muslims who do hate the West—dyed-in-the-wool fundamentalists—con-

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stitute no more than 10 per cent of the Muslim population. For another, Muslims are not fanatical by nature, but are frustrated by their current predicament.

Further, Muslims are not now politically unified and never will be so. They are in the throes of working out conflicting nationalist claims (Lebanon and Syria), divergent ideological programs (Syria and Iraq), overlapping territorial claims (Iraq and Iran), contrasting religious visions (Iran and Saudi Arabia), and so forth. Arab unity has failed, as have the other schemes to bind Muslims together politically.

The violence of the Middle East symptomizes these disagreements. The Iraq–Iran war, a purely Muslim conflict, lasted a horrifying eight years and consumed in its peak days as many lives as the Arab–Israeli conflict has over four decades. Muslims are also at one another's throats in the Western Sahara, Chad, Lebanon, and Central Asia. Even if the faithful were once again to plan a siege of Vienna, their internal disputes would make their effort about as ineffective as their war on Israel.

Then too, there is the fact that more Muslim governments cooperate with the West than threaten it. Turkey is a member of NATO. Kings Hassan of Morocco and Hussein of Jordan have long worked with Western governments, as have the rulers of Tunisia, Pakistan, and Indonesia. The Saudis have invested so heavily in the West that their interests are directly tied up with it. The picture is hardly one of uniform hostility.

For all these reasons, while *jihad* may not be utterly impossible, it remains outside the realm of serious discussion about American policy.

Culture Clash

THE OTHER worry results—ironically—from precisely the fact that so many Muslims are attracted to the West. They like it so much, in fact, they want to be part of it. As David Pryce-Jones notes, millions of Muslims "ask little better for themselves than to abandon their own societies for a European one."

All immigrants bring exotic customs and attitudes, but Muslim customs are more troublesome than most. Also, Muslims appear most resistant to assimilation. Elements among the Pakistanis in Britain, Algerians in France, and Turks in Germany seek to turn the host country into an Islamic society by compelling it to adapt to their way of life.

On a small scale, they demand that factories keep to the Islamic calendar, with its distinctive holidays and special rhythms; or that public schools be segregated by sex and teach the principles of Islam. A significant body of Muslims, especially followers of Ayatollah Khomeini, also hope to remake Europe and America in their own image. They are not shy about saying so. Thus, the editor of a Bengali-language newspaper in England, Harunur Rashid Tipu, explained that the leaders of the Young Muslim Organization seek ultimately "to build an Islamic society."

Of course, to build an Islamic society means taking political power. And while this is remote, it is just possible. In West Germany, one hears that, "In the year 2000 we will have a federal chancellor of Turkish origins." In perhaps the most extreme manifestation of this concern, several years ago Jean Raspail, the French intellectual, wrote a novel, *The Camp of the Saints*, depicting a Muslim takeover of Europe by an uncontrolled influx of Bangladeshis.

Middle Eastern leaders such as the Wahhabis of Saudi Arabia and Qaddafi of Libya overtly encourage such aspirations. But it is the Iranian government that most aggressively advocates Muslim interests, even to the point of encouraging defiance of the authorities. In one statement, a hard-line Iranian newspaper declared that "the ever-increasing influence of Islam in the contemporary world is undeniable, whether the Western world likes it or not." On another occasion, Teheran warned that Muslims living in the United Kingdom may be forced "to seek ways outside the law to guard their rights."

Understandably, such bellicosity spurs anxiety among Westerners, and these concerns have political potency. In France, Jean-Marie Le Pen characterizes Islam as "a religion of intolerance" and fears "an invasion of Europe by a Muslim immigration." His political party, the Popular Front, openly advocates expelling immigrants from France. The Republicans in West Germany and xenophobic groups in other countries share Le Pen's outlook and program.

Crude remarks and jokes, especially among Germans ("What is the difference between a Jew and a Turk?" "The Jew already got what he deserves, the Turk has yet to get it"), lead some Muslims to worry about a holocaust lying ahead. Kalim Saddiqui, director of London's Muslim Institute, speaks of "Hitler-style gas chambers for Muslims"; Shabbir Akhtar, a member of the Bradford Council of Mosques, writes that "the next time there are gas chambers in Europe, there is no doubt concerning who'll be inside them." However exaggerated, this does reflect genuine apprehension.

Here, There, Everywhere

DEMOGRAPHIC FACTS underlie fears both of *jihad* and of immigration. Muslims number nearly one billion. They constitute more than 85 per cent of the population in some 32 countries, between 25 and 85 per cent of the population in 11 more countries, and significant proportions (though less than 25 per cent) in another 47 countries.

In contrast to Westerners, who are not able even to maintain their present numbers (today, only Poland, Ireland, Malta, and Israel have naturally growing populations), Muslims revel in some of the most robust birth rates in the world. According to a study by John R. Weeks, countries with large numbers of Muslims have a total fertility rate of six children per Muslim woman, compared to 1.7 per woman in the developed countries. These higher rates apply in almost every

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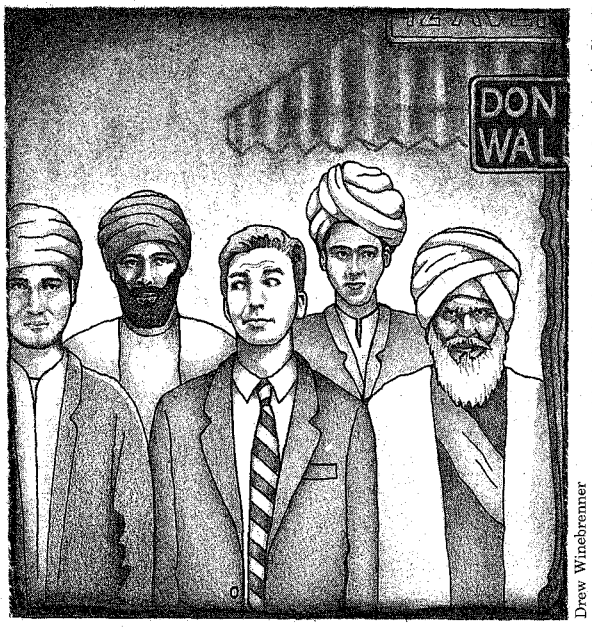
Muslim country from North Africa to Southeast Asia to Central Asia.

Some see in this demographic imbalance the single greatest challenge to Western civilization. Patrick Buchanan sums up the sense of foreboding with his customary panache:

> For a millennium, the struggle for mankind's destiny was between Christianity and Islam; in the twenty-first century, it may be so again. . . . We may find in the coming century that . . . cultural conservative T. S. Eliot was right, when the old Christian gentleman wrote in "The Hollow Men" that the West would end "Not with a bang but a whimper"—perhaps the whimper of a Moslem child in its cradle.

High Muslim birth rates already drive politics in the two non-Muslim states of the Middle East. Christians lost control of Lebanon after Muslims became a majority there. The challenge of maintaining a Jewish majority lies near the heart of the Israeli political debate; the local Muslim population keeps up a fertility rate of no fewer than 6.6 children per woman (1981 estimate).



Drew Winebremer

Of course, the situation is very different in the West, but there too Muslim populations are growing. Muslims total two to three million in the United States and about 11 million in Western Europe. Muslims outnumber Jews and have become the second largest religious community in most Western European countries. In the United States, Muslims will become the second largest religious community in about ten years.

The Need to Modernize

FEARS OF a Muslim influx have more substance than the worry about *jihad*. Western European societies are unprepared for the massive immigration of brown-skinned peoples cooking strange foods and maintaining different standards of hygiene. Muslim immigrants bring with them a chauvinism that augurs badly for their integration into the mainstream of the European societies. Put differently, Iranian zealots threaten more within the gates of Vienna than outside them.

Still, none of this amounts to Richard Condon's notion of "another terrible threat" like the Soviet danger. Muslim immigrants will probably not change the face of European life: pubs will not close down, secularist principles will restrict the role of religion, and freedom of speech will remain a fundamental right. The movement of Muslims to Western Europe creates a great number of painful but finite challenges; there is no reason to see it as leading to a cataclysmic battle. If handled properly, the immigrants can even bring much of value, including new energy, to their host societies.

The United States faces less of a problem, thanks to a long tradition of immigration and the healthy attitudes that go with it. Being an American depends far less on ancestry than on shared values, and this encourages enfranchisement. Meritocratic ethics and an open educational system are also important. Should fundamentalist Muslims move to the United States and choose to remain outside the mainstream culture, that too can be accommodated, as the Amish Mennonites of Pennsylvania and the Hasidic Jews of New York City make clear.

There is a final point. The prediction that Communists will be replaced by Muslims as the main threat suggests that ideological divisions will give way to communitarian ones. And this conforms to Francis Fukuyama's thesis about the "end of history"—where the end of history means not that time when literally nothing happens but (as befits a term coined by a philosopher) a time of no further advancement in the understanding of the human condition; that is, the moment when no new ideologies can be devised. If history in this sense should end, what one thinks will lose importance; who one is will become the key issue.

But Fukuyama's prediction seems most improbable. A great and bloody argument over the human condition has been the driving force of history over the past two centuries, from the French Revolution to the Nicaraguan civil war. Can this deeply divisive argument entirely burn itself out, to be replaced by the atavistic hostilities that ruled before 1789? Not very likely.

My skepticism about the end of ideology leads me to the following conclusion: The future relations of Muslims and Westerners depend less on crude numbers or place of residence, and much more on beliefs, skills, and institutions. The key issue is whether the Muslims will modernize. And the answer lies not in the Koran but in the attitudes and actions of nearly a billion Muslims.

Should they fail to modernize, their stubborn record of illiteracy, poverty, intolerance, and autocracy will continue, and perhaps worsen. Military and cultural tensions with the West might well become more acute. But if Muslims do modernize, things will turn out differently. Then they have a good chance to become literate, affluent, and politically stable. They will no longer need to train terrorists or build missiles for use against the West; to emigrate to Europe and America; or, once having moved, to resist integration in Western societies. □

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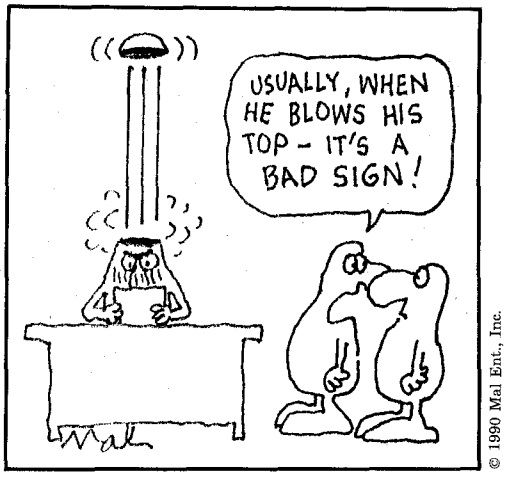
help



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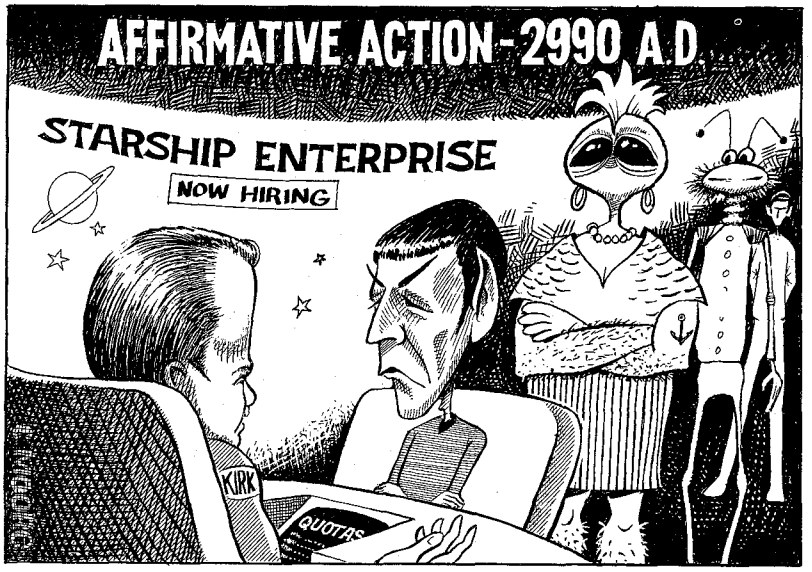

"Sorry, Mr. Spock, but we're long on pointy-eared Vulcans, and short on left-handed bisexual Andromedans . . . Next!"

The Energy Pinch

A frustrated spinster named Lynch,
Who longed for an amorous clinch,
    Got giggly and coy
    And wriggly with joy
On feeling the energy pinch.

GLORIA MAXSON

"Germany re-united today, and everything else fell apart."

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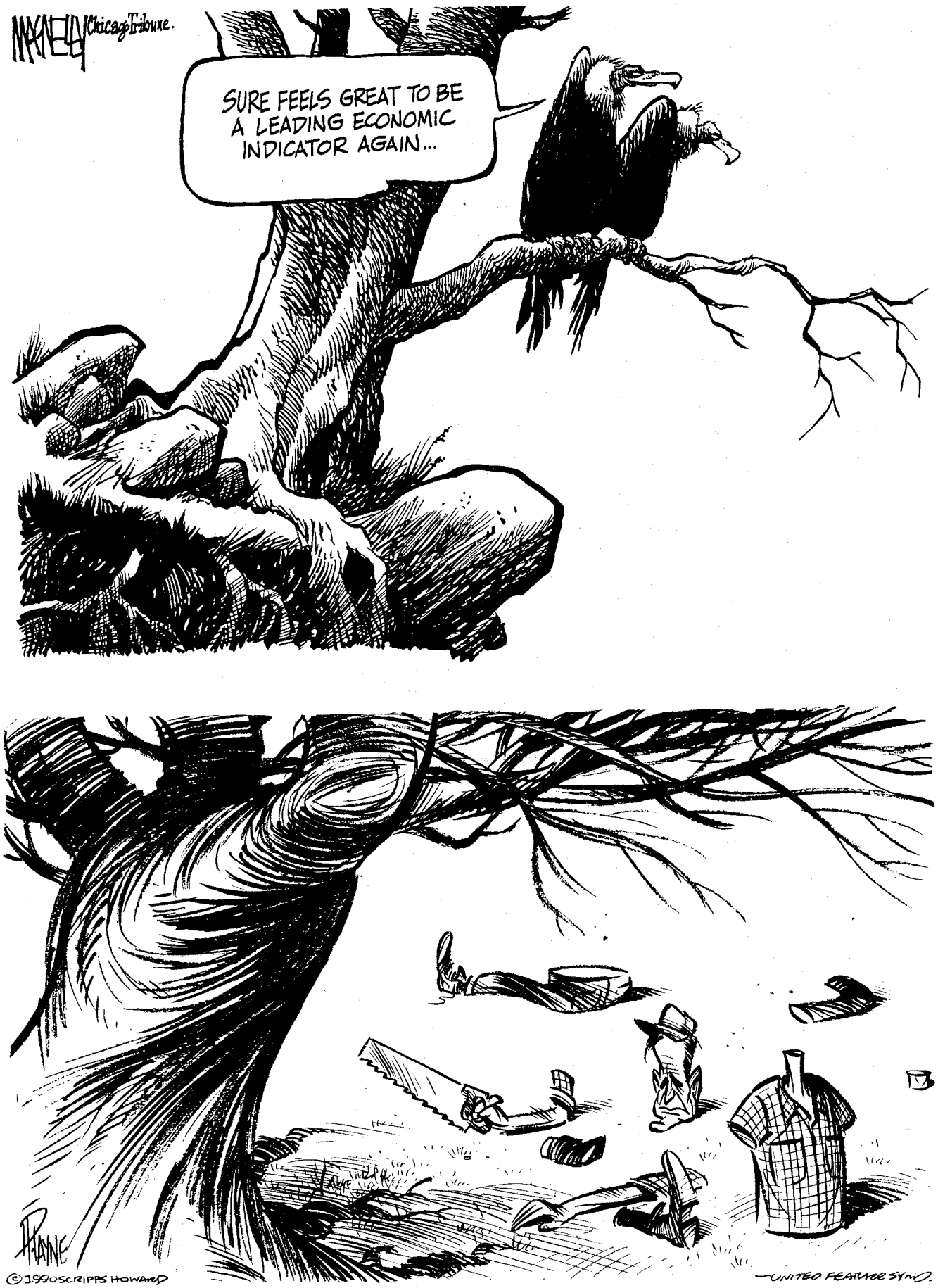
MAHONEY Chicago Tribune
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PRESIDENT BUSH TRIMS THE DEFICIT

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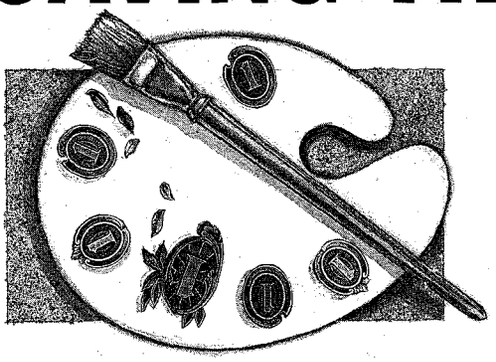
SAVING THE NEA



Congress and the arts community between them have made it virtually impossible for the NEA to do what it was created to do. They should have listened to Tocqueville.

WALTER BERNS

CONGRESS and the arts community have combined to make it difficult for the National Endowment for the Arts to come to a sensible (and constitutional) resolution of the controversy concerning federal funding of the arts. Of course, the NEA has only itself to blame for initiating the controversy—when establishing the agency in 1965 and directing it to fund projects with "substantial artistic and cultural significance," Congress surely did not have in mind photographs of men urinating in each other's mouths or of a crucifix submerged in a bottle of urine and given the title *Piss Christ*—but it is doubtful that, left to itself, the NEA would have required grant recipients to sign "non-obscenity oaths." Nor, left to itself, would it have made a fool of itself by rescinding the requirement and then rescinding the rescission. For this, and all the other incidents in what has become a nasty public dispute, Congress and the arts community are also to blame.

Congress is of the opinion that art is one thing and obscenity another, and that a sensible agency can distinguish between the two. But many a work of art and many a literary masterpiece is obscene. As I had occasion to write a year ago when this present controversy began, Aristophanes' *Assembly of Women* is so obscene that the English translator of the play preferred to remain anonymous (that was a long time ago), and Manet's *Déjeuner sur l'herbe*, now one of the Louvre's treasured classics, was considered indecent when first exhibited in 1863. And quite rightly so; it shows not a nude but an undressed woman—her clothes are in a heap beside her—sharing a public picnic lunch with two fully clothed men. Indecent, yes (at least we used to think so), but a wonderful painting.

For its part, the arts community insists that everything produced by someone claiming to be an artist is in fact a work of art: Mapplethorpe's photograph of a bullwhip thrust into his own rectum, Holly Hughes's giant quartz-and-steel vagina, Karen Finley's "performance art" in which she spreads herself with chocolate while reciting lines that no newspaper will print, as well as *Déjeuner sur l'herbe*, Giorgione's *Concert Champêtre*, and Vuillard's *Cuisinière*. It's all art. ("It's creative, isn't it?") As a self-styled "relatively mainstream" theatrical artist and Yale drama professor said in a recent NEA council meeting, "I'm only as free as Karen Finley is. I'm only as free as Holly Hughes is."

Thus, thanks to Congress, the NEA was given the impossible task of distinguishing between art and obscenity, and, thanks to the arts community, it is forbidden to distinguish between art and trash.

But this is not the end of its difficulties. Any attempt to distinguish between art and obscenity would engage it in a legal battle with civil libertarians. Citing a handful of recent Supreme Court decisions, they argue that the task of defining obscenity belongs to the courts alone because only the courts may inflict punishment, and, as they see it, withholding funds from an artist is no less punishment than forbidding the public display of his work. This became the at least quasi-official view when, without argument, the Independent Commission on the National Endowment for the Arts adopted it in its recent report to Congress: Congress, it said, may refuse to fund works of art, but not because it views their content as obscene, or objectionable, or "dangerous." Judgments of this sort bring the First Amendment into play, and, as one noted constitutional lawyer testified, "the First Amendment does not allow Congress to pick and choose who gets money and who doesn't."

Who's to Judge?

THE ATTEMPT to distinguish between art and trash would run into other difficulties. As the commission emphasizes, "[Congress] may insist on artistic excellence as a prerequisite for any funding," but, as it is currently organized, the NEA is manifestly incapable of making the sort of judgment this would require. At present, and contrary to the authorizing legislation, final grant-making power is exercised only nominally by the chairman (with the advice of the National Council on the Arts) and

Mr. Berns is John M. Olin University Professor at Georgetown University and an Adjunct Scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.

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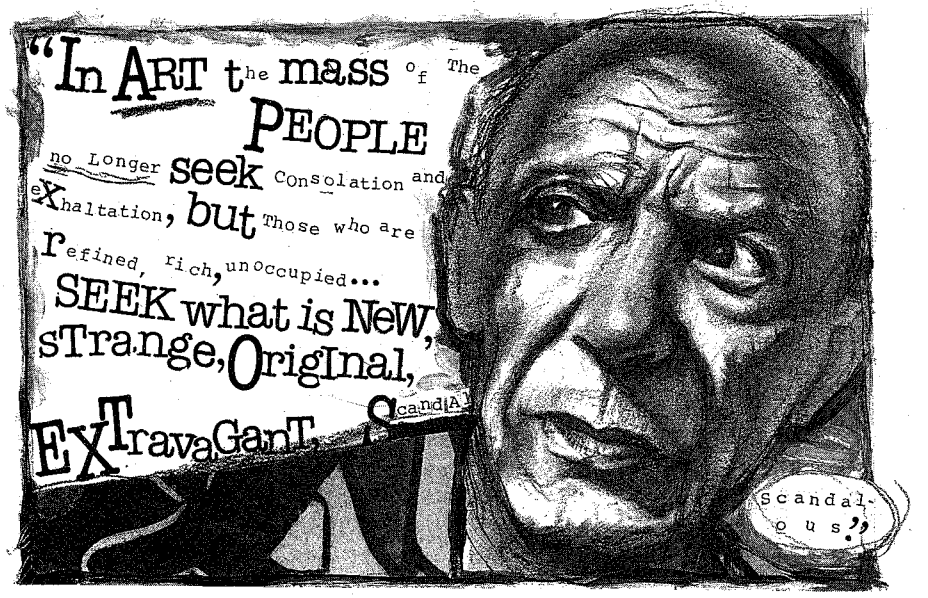
practically by the grant advisory (or peer-review) panels, which is to say, by the persons and groups ending up with the funds. As one observer put it, the NEA has allowed itself to become "an instrument for back-scratching and palm-greasing within the artistic community rather than an agency for the impartial administration of public arts appropriations."

Considering what the agency had become—"a system willfully contemptuous of the public interest and the public voice [and] dedicated to the subsidy of in-group art at the expense of the taxpayers whose money it was so freely spending"—the commission might have been expected to recommend its abolition. But, as its report points out, of the 83,000 grants made by the NEA since its inception in 1966, only a "small number . . . has provoked significant controversy"; largely exempt from criticism have been its grants to symphony orchestras and museums, for example.


"In ART the mass of The PEOPLE no Longer seek Consolation and eXhaltation, but Those who are refined, rich, unoccupied... SEEK what is NeW, sTrange, Orginal, EXTravaGanT, Scandal
Scandal-ous."
Janet Hamlin

The controversy has to do largely with its programs in the visual and performance arts, and it remains to be seen whether Congress will accept the commission's recommendations and, if so, whether they are sufficient to remedy the situation. Essentially, the commission, with a view to making the agency more responsible, recommends that the chairman's powers be made more explicit. In the words of the report, "the arts belong to all the American people and not only those who benefit directly from the agency." It is, after all, the people's money, and someone responsible to the President and Congress, and through them to the people, should have the power to decide how it is spent.

But why not simply abolish the visual- and performance-arts programs? This would, of course, outrage the arts community, but, among its other advantages, it would provide no pretext for the lawyers to go to court: Congress may not be able to place restrictions on its grants to artists but there is nothing in the Constitution that requires it to make such grants in the first place. Besides, something might be gained by the abolition of these programs—for example, the funds could be redirected to education programs designed to wean children from rock to classical music, thereby providing future audiences for all those orchestras already receiving federal subsidies—and little or nothing would be lost. The commission might have learned this from Alexis de Tocqueville.

Among all the writers who have studied America, Tocqueville is surely the most admired and, except on this subject of the arts, the most frequently quoted. He had a good deal to say about the arts, or, more precisely, about democracy and the arts, but none of it was calculated to please us Americans, which is probably why he is not quoted on this subject. Among other things, he suggested that we would be so busy acquiring useful things that we would have no time, no taste, and no aptitude for the arts.

Tocqueville contrasted our situation with that of the aristocratic world from which he came. Aristocrats, he said, being already provided with material comforts, were free to adorn their lives with useless but beautiful things—objects, pictures, music, books—and some of them at least developed a taste for the beautiful and well crafted. The aristocratic audience for the arts was "few and fastidious," he said, but these few supported the arts, and their good taste and judgment was reflected in the artists' work. To cite merely one example, Beethoven's three Opus 59 quartets were commissioned by a Russian nobleman, Count Razumovsky, and are known even today as the Razumovsky Quartets.

But Tocqueville expected Americans to be engaged in one sort of business or another and to turn to the arts, if at all, only for entertainment or relaxation on weekends. "People who spend every weekday making money and Sunday praying to God give no scope to the Muse of Comedy," he said. Here, as in everything in a democratic society, public opinion would govern what is produced or otherwise made available: at best, Fred Astaire and *My Fair Lady*; typically, television sit-coms; at worst, 2 Live Crew and Karen Finley. The point is, artists are dependent on their times and their audiences, and it was Tocqueville's judgment that our times would be prosaic and our audiences bourgeois.

Like it or not, our visual artists especially are unable to deny this sort of dependence. In fact, they confirm it every time they tell us that one of the purposes of art is to shock, which means, in our case, to shock the bourgeoisie. We hear this repeatedly, and not only from the likes of Holly Hughes and Karen Finley. But to set out to shock the bourgeois public is to take one's bearings from it, to be dependent on it, in fact, to be parasitic on it: no bourgeoisie, no Holly Hughes or Karen Finley.

As it turns out, however, it is not at all easy to shock the bourgeoisie; in fact, it is impossible. As Andy Warhol said, "Nothing is more bourgeois than to be afraid to look bourgeois." One way to avoid looking bourgeois is to pay high prices for Warhol's paintings of soup cans; another is to pretend to admire contemporary sculpture—for example, those oil drums welded together to resemble that huge gun that Iraq wanted to buy from the British and aim at the Israelis; still another, the tactic used by the NEA, is to fund whatever bubbles up from the arts community, which, of necessity, be-

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comes more and more extreme. So it is that our "artists" set out to shock the bourgeoisie and succeed only in shocking some members of Congress. Tom Wolfe has a name for this: the "Boho Dance," where the artist desperately tries to stay one step ahead of the bourgeois who is struggling just as desperately to embrace him.

In this way, the bourgeois public cooperates in its own corruption; indeed, it is partly to blame for it. The artist is, as I said, dependent on his audience, and the bourgeois audience has no taste for the sublime, or, in Tocqueville's words, for depictions—in painting, literature, or music—of "ideal beauty," or of human perfection, or of the gods. (Democracy, he said, will have "depopulated heaven.") What (in addition to sporting events) does this audience have a taste for? An evening spent at the movies or before the television set provides the answer: violence and sex. Thus, like our dramatists, Tom Wolfe's artists have simply understood the hidden inclinations of this audience and, in order to stay one step ahead of it, have become ever more violent and ever more lewd. By supporting the likes of Karen Finley and Holly Hughes, the NEA simply encourages the further corruption of popular culture. By saying, in effect, This is art, it encourages the further corruption of the public taste.

One does not have to be a philistine to draw this conclusion. On the contrary, it is confirmed by the man generally regarded as the greatest of modern painters, Pablo Picasso. Indeed, his words provide the most telling comment on our situation:

> In art the mass of the people no longer seek consolation and exaltation, but those who are refined, rich, unoccupied . . . seek what is new, strange, original, extravagant, scandalous. I myself, since Cubism and before, have satisfied these masters and critics with all the changing oddities which have passed through my head, and the less they understood me, the more they admired me. By amusing myself with all these games, with all these absurdities, puzzles, rebuses, arabesques, I became famous and that very quickly. And fame for a painter means sales, gains, fortunes, riches. And today, as you know, I am celebrated, I am rich. But when I am alone with myself, I have not the courage to think of myself as an artist in the great and ancient sense of the term. Giotto, Titian, Rembrandt were great painters. I am only a public entertainer who has understood his times and exploited them as best he could. . . . Mine is a bitter confession, more painful than it may appear, but it has the merit of being sincere.

Clearly, the NEA has done nothing to improve this situation. The original idea was that by taking the public money and spending it for purposes that, left to itself, the public would not support, the NEA might foster a public appreciation of the arts properly so called. In a way, the NEA was to be a kind of substitute for Tocqueville's missing aristocracy; to quote from the enacting legislation, a "high civilization" requires broad cultural awareness. And it's possible that, as the commission reports, the NEA has indeed "helped to transform the cultural landscape of the United States," at least in some areas: where there were only 58 symphony orchestras and 27 opera companies in 1965, there are now 230 and 120. But only a fool or a knave could see anything "high" about the civilization being depicted in the work being subsidized under the visual-arts program, and the commission would have performed a public service by recommending its abolition. It does recommend that the NEA become a "more visible and vigorous advocate of arts education," and, assuming it has in mind education calculated to provide an audience for those orchestras and opera companies, no one can quarrel with that. Left to themselves, the teenagers now attending rock concerts and buying the works of 2 Live Crew are not likely to acquire a taste for the Razumovsky Quartets. □

UNDERSTANDING MEDIA

THE POST-WEBSTER PRESS

RICHARD COWDEN-GUIDO

THE HOSTILITY of the national media to the rights of unborn children is no secret. Report after report has documented both the personal pro-abortion bias of the media elite (the comprehensive Rothman–Lichter study of 1980 found that an astounding 97 per cent of television executives opposed any legal protection for unborn children) and its effects in terms of newspaper and television coverage.

Observers disagree on whether the bias is deliberate. Pulitzer Prize–winning journalist Carlton Sherwood thinks it is. "The bias the press displays is well thought out," he said in a speech in Denver in June 1986, "and calculated to crush any ideas which are at variance with its own." On the other hand, it may simply be, as the *Boston Globe*'s legal-affairs reporter, Ethan Bronner, suggests, that "opposing abortion, in the eyes of most journalists . . . is not a legitimate, civilized position in our society."

Whatever the cause, in the early years after 1973 the national media declared with daunting uniformity that *Roe* v. *Wade* had settled the issue of legalized abortion once and for all. Thus, when the Supreme Court agreed to examine the *Webster* case in 1989, the fourth estate reacted as if the Court were considering overturning the First Amendment.

NBC began work on a docudrama extolling *Roe* v. *Wade* the very week that Attorney General Richard Thornburgh called for its reversal, and the big pro-abortion march in Washington that April received what David Shaw, in a four-part series in the *Los Angeles Times* this July, called "extraordinary coverage." The *Washington Post* began "with five stories the five days leading up to the event, including a 6,550-word cover story in the paper's maga-

Mr. Cowden-Guido's new book, A History of Operation Rescue, 1970–1990, *is due out soon from Ignatius Press. He is currently in Valhalla prison in Westchester County, New York, for a rescue on September 28.*

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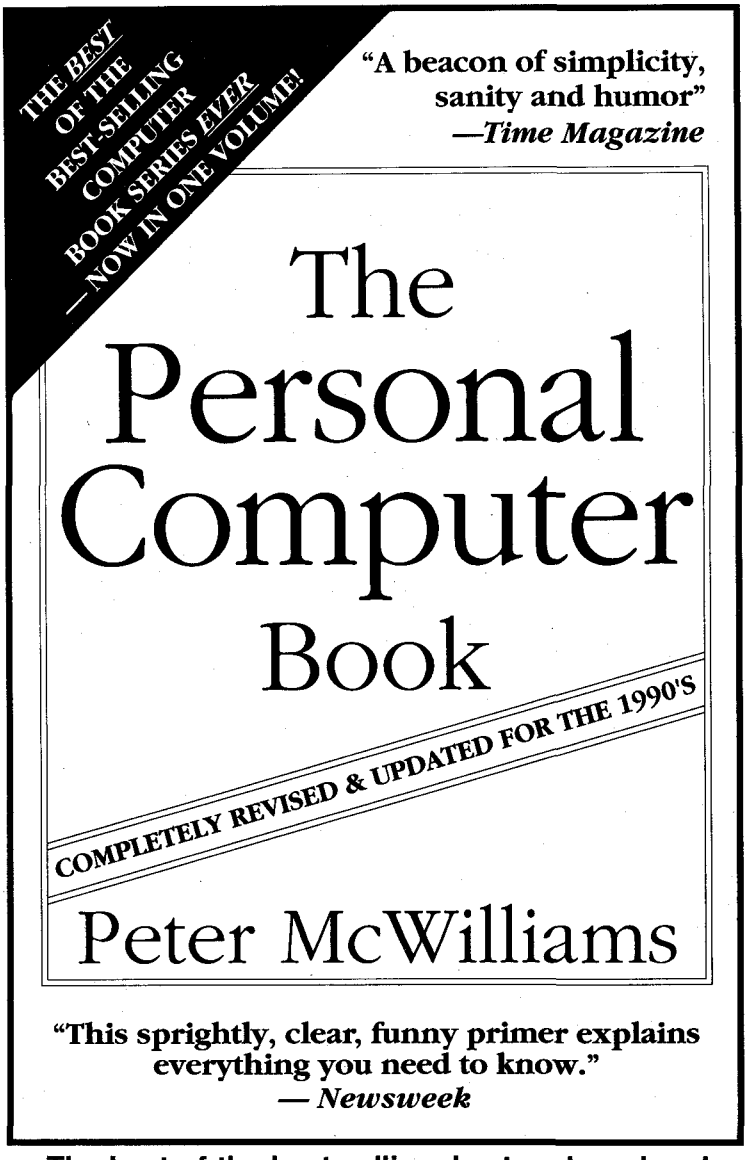
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zine. . . . The *Post* even published a map, showing the march route, road closings, parking, subway, lost-and-found, and first-aid information"—"as if it had been a Memorial Day parade," in the words of Joseph Sobran.

"The march had been heralded for days in advance by the network news," Sobran added. "*Nightline* devoted a program to it. *U.S.A. Today* gave it a front-page full-color picture—in effect an announcement—on the Friday before the march . . . it was . . . direct participation in a propaganda battle to maximize the impact of the demonstration by imputing significance to it even before it happened."

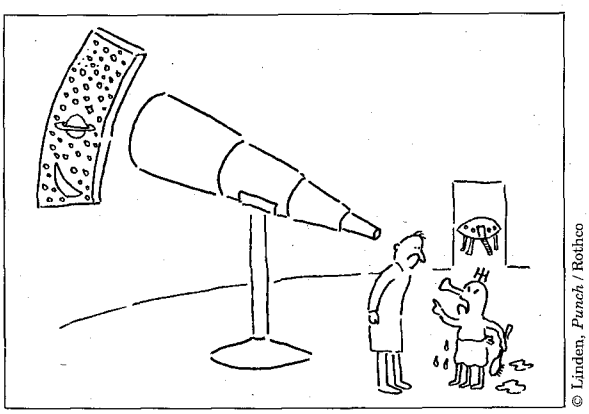
After the event *Time* devoted a five-page cover story to it, and *Newsweek* stated that it "far exceeded anybody's expectations" (park police said 125,000 showed up; the media, virtually without exception, reported three hundred thousand). A "grass-roots movement had taken hold." (All this is in sharp contrast to the coverage given the Rally for Life held in D.C. a year later, which produced the largest political gathering in the capital's history—more than 560,000, according to United Press International; two hundred thousand, according to the media at large. That is, those that covered it at all. Neither *Time* nor *Newsweek* did; the *Post* gave it a small piece in the Metro section, but was careful not to print photos that might reveal the size of the crowd. ABC explained that the rally was no more than "a desperate act" of a movement without momentum.)

And yet the media campaign failed, for *Webster* knocked the heart out of *Roe*, and everybody knew it. In consequence, as Loretta Ucelli, communications director for the National Abortion Rights Action League (NARAL), told the *L.A. Times*, "there was a dramatic shift in the coverage of this whole issue post-*Webster*."

Now, for the first time since *Roe*, there were races for office where abortion was a live issue, and the media's task was to convince politicians that *Webster* had provoked a massive new outpouring of pro-abortion sentiment. A round of state legislative races in August 1989 gave the first glimpse of how the shift would work.

On August 8, there were elections in Missouri and Alabama in which pro-life Republicans faced pro-abortion Democrats; in both cases the pro-lifers won, solidly. On the same day, there was a six-candidate primary for the Republican nomination in a California Assembly contest. As the Shaw exposé pointed out, the pro-abortion winner, Tricia Hunter, "received only 30 per cent of the vote," while "the other 70 per cent was divided among five anti-abortion candidates, one of whom finished fewer than two hundred votes behind her."

Yet Miss Hunter's victory was reported by all three major networks, the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, hundreds of papers and local stations across the country, and *U.S.A. Today*, which ran the headline: "California's win may be a bellwether."



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"Do you mind not peeking?"

None of the above-named newspaper or television reports even mentioned the pro-life victories in Missouri and Alabama.

And so it continued. Whenever a pro-life candidate won, the race was ignored; whenever there was a pro-abortion victory, it was yet another example of an electorate shifting, nay stampeding, to the side coincidentally supported by the national media. Thus on August 12, when two pro-lifers trounced a candidate who had been heavily financed by national abortion groups in the primary for Jim Wright's Texas seat, the story went untold. When pro-life Republican Mike Gunn beat pro-abortion Democrat John Handly for the Mississippi legislature on August 22, the story was spiked. But a pro-abortion victory in the South Carolina Republican primary the same day made the *Times*, the wire services, and all the rest.

The new shift almost backfired in the special election for Claude Pepper's old seat in Florida on August 29. With the fiercely pro-abortion Democrat Gerald Richman leading in the polls, the media had for weeks touted the contest as, in the words of the *Miami Herald*, "one of the first tests of the power of the so-called pro-choice electorate"—and rightly so, for Republican Ileana Ros-Lehtinen's pro-life commitment was such that she even had Operation Rescue activist Randy Terry campaign for her. By the last days of the race, however, Richman's lead had evaporated, whereupon the *New York Times* announced that "ethnicity and ethnicity alone appears to be the key to the race." The *Times*' announcement came none too soon, as Mrs. Ros-Lehtinen was swept into office.

This "dramatic shift of coverage" was not restricted to elections. Thus, the conventions of the pro-abortion National Organization for Women and National Women's Political Caucus got extensive attention from all four major networks, including CNN; just as all four refused to cover the convention of the pro-life Concerned Women of America, though it had the President of the United States as featured speaker.

Then came the coverage of the special legislative sessions called in October by Republican Governor Robert Martinez in Florida and Democratic Governor Robert Casey in Pennsylvania. In the former, after a handful of pro-abortion subcommittee heads blocked a vote on Martinez's pro-life initiatives, ABC, NBC, and CNN all led their broadcasts with the story, CBS gave it sixth billing, and all four included the story in their opening segments the following night. In Pennsylvania, meanwhile, where the legislature overwhelmingly passed the most comprehensive legal protection for unborn children since *Webster*, the story got seventh billing on ABC, 12th on CBS, and no mention at all on NBC.

And so, because politicians are typically a skittish lot, they started joining what the media had led them to believe was a stampede. Jim Courter, the New Jersey GOP gubernatorial candidate, was the first to repudiate his support for the unborn, and he immediately began to slip in the polls. Republican New York City mayoral candidate Rudolph Giuliani was next to reverse; he too began to slip. Meanwhile, on October 11, 29 U.S. con-

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gressmen switched their pro-life vote of the previous year, and for the first time in a decade the House voted to make taxpayers fund abortions (in cases of rape and incest) through the Federal Government. However, the impact was more psychological than substantial, since George Bush vetoed that and three other bills containing pro-abortion language.

In reality, despite a genuine fear of the media's power, the fact remained that on the eve of the November 1989 elections not one serious pro-life candidate had been hurt in the post-*Webster* era; and a number of pro-abortion politicians had been.

Came the Debacle

THEN came the debacle. Courter and Giuliani both went down to defeat, and the media portrayed their losses as occurring despite, rather than because of, their abandonment of their pro-life positions. But the real drama was played out in Virginia. Republican gubernatorial candidate Marshall Coleman, who was leading in the polls as of Labor Day, did not formally abandon his opposition to abortion, but he came close, downplaying it, acting as if it weren't important. In contrast, Democrat Douglas Wilder hired NARAL consultant Frank Greer to devise a sophisticated pro-abortion pitch. By late October, Wilder had zoomed ahead by as much as 15 points in some polls.

In the last week of the campaign Coleman finally launched a vigorous defense of his support for the unborn. However, nine television stations refused to air his pro-life commercials, while most of them still ran Wilder's NARAL commercials. Nonetheless, Coleman's belated integrity almost carried the day; he came within five thousand votes of winning.

But the damage was done. The media now had a real scalp to wave along with all the manufactured ones, and they waved it furiously. GOP boss Lee Atwater blinked, and began talking about his party's "big tent." Though a much larger contingent of Democrats oppose *their* party's position on the issue, Democratic Party boss Ron Brown has never been asked whether his party has a "big tent" for pro-lifers, even in April 1989 when fifty Democratic congressmen called upon the party to abandon its pro-abortion position—another story that never made the national news.

There was one last crucial contest in 1989: the December 5 race for a California State Senate seat between pro-life Republican Carol Bentley and pro-abortion Democrat Lucy Killea. What made it crucial was the decision by San Diego Bishop Leo Maher on November 15 to bar Mrs. Killea from receiving the Sacraments because of her promotion of abortion-on-demand.

A nationwide publicity campaign was immediately launched on behalf of Mrs. Killea—and not without reason. Were she defeated, there was every cause to fear that other bishops would follow Maher's lead, and that the nation's fifty million Catholics would begin a more sustained and coherent opposition to abortion.

Meanwhile, according to an article in the December 18 *San Diego Union*, "members of the San Diego *Republican* Central Committee even actively worked for Killea [emphasis added]" by manufacturing polls that indicated "a landslide for Killea," which caused the local Republican leadership to "drop any further [financial] support for Bentley." Even so, on election day itself, voters cast their ballots for Carol Bentley by a margin of 45,216 to 41,960. It was the absentee voters that put Lucy Killea over the top, by a mere 2,184 votes.

The media promptly declared a major upset, the key to which was Bishop Maher; and though it was no upset (Mrs. Killea had been the favorite from the start), the charge against Maher was true in this sense: his decision provoked the media assault that intimidated the local politicians.

So far this year, from California to Rhode Island, from Idaho to South Carolina, pro-lifers have consistently defeated pro-abortion candidates in head-to-head elections. According to the *New York Times*, NARAL launched a major effort to defeat over a hundred pro-lifers in the Pennsylvania legislative races, and failed in every case.

Nonetheless, the one thing that can be predicted about this month's elections is that, whatever the outcome, the media will proclaim a great victory for "choice." Fortunately, the Republican Party has begun to catch on to this siren song, and will presumably catch on even further as more "pro-choice" Republicans bite the dust. If the Republican Party returns to its principles, Ron Brown may yet have to unfold his big tent. □

HOW TO UNDERMINE AN ALLY

THE WEST AND COMRADE CHOU

STEVEN W. MOSHER

DURING the civil war in China in the late 1930s and 1940s, almost all of the foreign correspondents reporting from that country saw the conflict between the Nationalists and the Communists as a struggle between the forces of Reaction and the forces of Progress. In their view Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang (KMT) was a reactionary, autocratic force (privately they came to call it fascist), which not only stood in the way of China's victory over the Japanese invaders, but would inhibit China's post-war reconstruction and modernization. Only the Chinese Communist Party could throw off the heavy mantle of China's feudal past. Indeed, a victory by the progressive, democratic forces of the CCP was not only desirable but inevitable, for the Juggernaut of History would not be turned aside.

Mr. Mosher is director of the Asian Studies Center at the Claremont Institute. This article is adapted from a chapter in his new book, China Misperceived: American Illusions and Chinese Reality *(Basic Books/New Republic Books).* *Copyright ©1990 by Steven W. Mosher. Reprinted by permission.*

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Both principle and expedience dictated that the United States support the forces of Progress for the sake of postwar understanding.

This was the unstated framework used by the correspondents to give meaning to the complex political and military events they were observing. What they considered "news," what they wrote about in their dispatches, was events that could be interpreted to fit the tacit standard of relevance imposed by this framework.

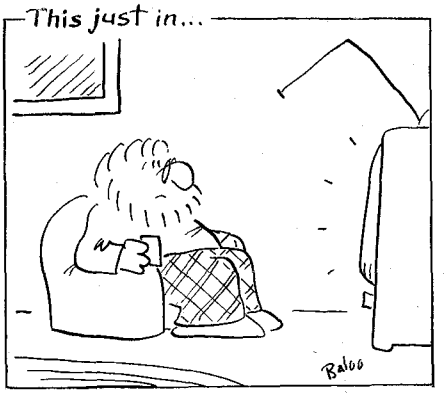
Although these journalists were, for the most part, scrupulously precise in the writing of individual dispatches, they were less than objective in other respects: in the terms they used to refer to the parties in conflict (e.g., Communists as agrarian reformers, liberals, or democrats), in the problems they identified (e.g., corruption only in the Nationalist Party), and in the general aura of historical inevitability they projected in discussing China's future.

This perspective on the press coverage of the Chinese Civil War is not a new one, but it has been given additional credence by a number of highly reliable, albeit unlikely, sources—the correspondents themselves. The occasion was a 1982 conference held in Scottsdale, Arizona, the proceedings of which have only recently been published. Virtually all of the surviving correspondents whose names had graced the China dispatches of that period, some forty in all, were in attendance. Relaxing in the company of their long-lost fellows, these aging dons of the print media shared anecdote after revealing anecdote. The published proceedings—*China Reporting: An Oral History of American Journalism in the 1930s and 1940s,* by Steven R. MacKinnon and Oris Friesen—offer a unique historical retrospective into the mindset of the small coterie of correspondents who were responsible for the way Americans came to view the contending forces in the Chinese Civil War.

Except for Frederick Marquardt of the *Arizona Republic*, all the correspondents present were liberal to left in persuasion. But the most revealing thing was not the general similarity of their political stances, but their virtually identical interpretations of important specifics of civil-war China. Thirty-five years after most of them were ejected from China, despite careers spent in other parts of the world, they almost all still subscribed to the same overarching view. In the 1940s, when these correspondents had formed a kind of brotherhood, their agreement about what they were witnessing in China could only have been more total.

"China reporters were a community," MacKinnon and Friesen tell us. "They met frequently and avidly clipped each other's work. During the Chungking period they even *lived* together in a Kuomintang-run press hostel. Through such interaction, consensus was reached about legitimacy of sources. *Together they decided what was news and what should be reported and how.*"

I have placed the last sentence in italics, for it takes us right to the heart of the matter: What the West received by way of "news" from China was the product of consensus rather than competition. China dispatches, although each was signed by a single correspondent, represented a collective vision of the war.



"The world was stunned today when everybody in China was shot while trying to escape . . ."

How could it have been otherwise, when the correspondents were almost totally dependent on one another to make sense of the kaleidoscope of events whirling about them? The correspondents who came to China, a vast country whose civilization owed nothing to the West, found themselves culturally adrift. Few were able to learn enough Chinese to dispense with interpreters, or enough cultural history to understand the lifeways of five hundred million Chinese. Of necessity they turned for companionship to others like themselves, coming to form what MacKinnon and Friesen call the "Hankow Gang." They formed a tribe distinguished not only by shared social bonds, but also by a distinctive set of moralistic attitudes and political prejudices which made it possible for them to explain first of all to each other, and then to editors and intellectuals at home, what was happening in China.

Enter Left

IN 1937, when the Japanese began their bloody war of conquest, an odd assortment of leftists, adventurers, scholars, Sinophiles—even a few seasoned journalists—began firing off dispatches from an embattled China. China never became a Big Story, even after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor made us allies of the Nationalist government, and so many of these early stringers were able to stay on through World War II and into the last phases of the Chinese Civil War. The forces of the Left were augmented in 1938 by Franco's victory in Spain, when China became the front line in the worldwide struggle against fascism. Tillman Durdin, the *New York Times* correspondent, recalled that "At Hankow [the temporary Chinese capital] we had a large number of people who had had some experience of the Spanish Civil War and who had been in Moscow. . . . They felt at home in China because she, too, was fighting a just war like the one they had been pushing, observing, and covering in Spain on the Republican side."

The "great believers in the Russian Revolution," to use Durdin's phrase, included such figures as Anna Louise Strong and Agnes Smedley, who combined years of experience in China with a political commitment to the victory of the Communist revolution there, and were influential among the newly minted China correspondents. Just as the Left dominated reporting from Europe from the 1920s to the 1940s, so it came to dominate reporting from China.

Correspondents are invariably quick to deny that their political views are ever reflected in their dispatches, and the Scottsdale group was no exception. Don Kight, who had been in China not as a correspondent but as a U.S. Army public-relations officer, in which capacity he had dealt with the Hankow Gang for several years, confirmed their ideological stance: "The implication, of course, is a bias toward the Left. Certainly there was a bias." He was quick to add that he did not be-

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lieve that the leftist orientation of the correspondents affected their dispatches in the least: ". . . despite their biases, the pressmen I knew made every effort to be utterly neutral and to report facts. Undoubtedly they were tripped up now and then, at least unconsciously, but they were a highly professional, capable group of reporters and no other group could have produced any better copy." To a man, the Scottsdale group was quick to deny that their political views had ever influenced their stories.

Had the correspondents been reporting primarily on typhoons, bank heists, or female infanticide, their bias would have been of little moment. Natural disasters or criminal acts don't have self-evident political implications. The basic journalistic facts—who, what, when, where, and why—are usually allowed to speak for themselves. But a China in the throes of attack from without and revolution from within was a world of enormous and bewildering complexity, and Chou En-lai provided the framework the journalists needed to make sense of it.

Peggy Durdin, wife of Tillman Durdin and herself a freelance writer, spoke for all the correspondents when she observed that "There was nobody on the KMT side who could touch Chou En-lai in persuasiveness or in intellectual charm, which was a fascinating kind of charm. Nor was there anybody on the KMT side who could touch his head of public relations, the soft, lovely, beautiful Kung P'eng, who was the most impressive public-relations figure I ever met."

While Mao Tse-tung remained a remote and godlike figure, Chou, with his histrionic ability and innate mastery of the social graces, was the diplomat extraordinaire. His running monologue about the war was mesmerizing (besides, for logistical reasons, being extremely difficult to disprove: most of the Communist Party was off stage, scattered throughout the hinterlands of North China). Tillman Durdin recalled that: "Chou En-lai would say, 'One of my top personalities in history is Thomas Jefferson,' and he would say, 'One of my aspirations is to go to the United States someday, and please come to Yenan and see us,' and that sort of thing. The attitude was one of courting American goodwill and good relations." The correspondents never appeared to doubt the sincerity of Chou's professions.

Henry Lieberman, in China reporting for the *New York Times* from 1945 to 1949, recalls: ". . . Chou En-lai was one of the greatest people I've ever encountered because of his charm, his skills, his mental and dramatic ability." So completely under Chou's spell was this correspondent for America's newspaper of record that when he found out his idol had lied to him about the disposition of Communist troops, he felt personally betrayed. "This was a terrible blow to me. My hero had misled us. In retrospect, I wasn't really angry at Chou, but it gave me a different insight into what was going on in China. They were playing hardball politics there, and I was a pawn. They looked upon me as somebody to be manipulated, and this put me on my guard."

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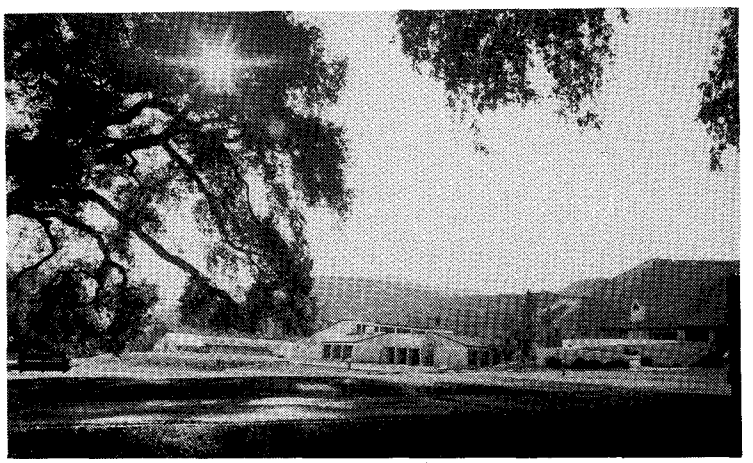

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power will distort words to gain their own ends. Even as a novice correspondent, Lieberman would hardly have been unaware of this central fact of politics. His anger upon learning that he had been deceived suggests that he had suspended the normal rules of journalistic incredulity where Chou was concerned.

The major personalities of the KMT elicited a very different reaction. Neither the Generalissimo himself, who was seen as remote and formal, nor Hollington Tong, the head of the Government Information Office, who "trembled in front of the Gimo," impressed the correspondents. Madame Chiang Kai-shek, who charmed millions on her 1943 trip to America, left them cold.

What effect did the correspondents' affection and admiration for Chou and their personal dislike of the Chiangs have on their reporting? When A. T. (Arch) Steele of the *New York Herald Tribune*, known as the dean of the China correspondents, raised the question at the Scottsdale conference, the only answer came from forthright Peggy Durdin: "Now I'm not saying that correspondents in particular run around getting captivated, but I think the whole fact of unconscious reaction to events because of the qualities of the people you get involved with is something we all have had to face." No other correspondents were honest enough to admit that they unconsciously favored the CCP because of their affection for Chou.

The favorable impression adroitly created by the "charming" Chou En-lai was reinforced by junkets to Yenan.

China's Camelot

THE Yenan mystique began with the publication of Edgar Snow's *Red Star over China* in 1938. The ascension of the Communist citadel to the status of a modern-day utopia was, however, delayed by the blockade that the KMT imposed on the area in the years following. Then, on May 17, 1944, four American correspondents were given permission by the KMT to visit Yenan. Two other correspondents, Theodore H. White of *Time* and *Life* magazines and Brooks Atkinson of the *New York Times*, were allowed to visit late that same year. As James Thompson later put it, "Mao's capital at Yenan became for many frustrated Chungking correspondents 'the Camelot of China.' "

The myth of Yenan quickly took on an added dimension. John K. Emmerson, in his memoir, *Japanese Thread*, recalls of his State Department colleague John Service that "Six days after his arrival, [he] had expressed determination not to be swept off his feet. Yet, finding nothing to criticize, he concluded that 'the spell of the Chinese Communists still seems to work.' . . . he agreed with a correspondent who knew China that 'we have to come to the mountains of north Shensi to find the most modern place in China.' " As for Emmerson himself, he compared Yenan to the revival meetings he had experienced as a youth "where the converts suddenly got religion," and admitted that he, too, had "succumbed to the spell."

"Miss Bentham, put me in touch with reality."

Well fed and pampered in Yenan, flattered by their easy access to top leaders, insulated from the dark side of one-party rule, many of the correspondents "suddenly got religion." The dispatches they sent in from the Communist capital rang with an almost evangelical fervor. Gunther Stein of the *Christian Science Monitor* declared ecstatically that "the men and women pioneers of Yenan were truly new humans in spirit, thought, and action," and that Yenan itself constituted "a brand new well-integrated society, that [had] never been seen before anywhere."

This new society was more democratic than Communist, in the eyes of many journalists. Brooks Atkinson wrote after visiting Yenan that the political system was best described as "agrarian or peasant democracy, or as a farm labor party." The Chinese Communist Party was Communist in name only, he concluded. Harrison Forman of the *New York Herald Tribune* and London *Times* was so impressed by the continued tolerance of small-scale private enterprise in Yenan that he announced that this was not Communism "in Soviet Russia's definition of the term." Theodore White referred to the Communists as "agrarian liberals" in his dispatches, only to have that malapropism edited out by Whittaker Chambers, then foreign editor of *Time*.

For A. T. Steele, who followed in the footsteps of this initial group, a visit to the Communist citadel was a transcendent experience. "A trip from Chungking to Yenan was like going, in one sense of the term, from hell to heaven, because everything in Yenan looked so orderly and the people were practicing democracy, or so they said, and to a large degree they were," Steele recalled.

When after the fall of China these correspondents were accused of misrepresenting the policies and goals of the Chinese Communist Party, they claimed to have been misled. Yet even during the height of the civil war, when CCP leaders were asked why they called themselves Communists, instead of something more palatable like "agrarian liberals," they usually responded in straightforward fashion: "We are Communists . . . and shall always remain Communists." Nor, for all their talk about "New Democracy," did they attempt to conceal from the correspondents that the economic and political policies then in force were nothing more than a temporary response to current exigencies, and would in time be abandoned for more Communistic policies.

One explanation of why these correspondents called a spade a garden trowel was offered up by Steele, who laid the blame at the feet of narrow-minded compatriots. "[Anti-Communism] made it very difficult . . . to deal with the question of the Chinese Communists. . . . We were reluctant to paint them as real Communists . . . because we knew that that would go against the American grain. If you took a favorable attitude toward the Communists, it would probably have created, in the eyes of the publisher, a feeling that the correspondent in question was maybe pro-Communist."

What Communist programs were so worthy of praise that some correspondents decided to suppress the name of the cause in which they were

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carried out? The journalists were impressed most of all by Mao's dictum that "all people should be well fed and well clad," as Gunther Stein phrased it, and by its corollary, that everyone, leader and follower, soldier and civilian, worker and peasant, must live a frugal, even austere, life. In these policies the Communists were making a virtue of necessity, since the Nationalist and Japanese blockades meant that the Border Region economy had to be self-sufficient in any case, but the rough equality that it produced in dress and living standards greatly stirred the correspondents.

Chinese Communist economic policies of the time were well within prevailing liberal currents. It was not hard to convince transplanted New Dealers like Teddy White of the virtues of welfare, guaranteed employment, and income leveling. Having grown up during the Great Depression, they believed that governments had a duty to correct the instabilities and injustices of capitalism, real and imagined. Even the CCP's expressed goal of total state ownership of the means of production did not give the correspondents pause, both because it did not seem imminent and because it differed only in degree, rather than in kind, from their own notions of an embracing role for government.

A New Day

HISTORY has not been kind to those who, like A. T. Steele, thought that a Communist victory would "open the way to a new day in China." Steele and his ideological brethren (with a few ignoble exceptions) were neither crypto-Communists nor fellow-travelers. But they were trapped in the amber of the paramount political myth of their generation: That government is best which governs most. This myth rendered them blind to the numerous portents of post-revolutionary disaster.

In the event, the establishment of the PRC in 1949 was the beginning of a forty-year nightmare of purges and political campaigns, culminating in Tiananmen Square, which altogether have caught up hundreds of millions of ordinary Chinese in their cruel nets. Just how mistaken the correspondents were about the relative long-term merits of Communist and Nationalist rule is obvious today to anyone who pauses to compare Mainland China with Taiwan. Going from Peking to Taipei (to turn Steele's anachronistic formulation on its head) is like going from hell to heaven, because everything is so modern and the people, to an increasing degree, are practicing democracy.

Most of the correspondents who met in Scottsdale seemed oblivious to all this. That Mao and his revolutionaries had inflicted—and continue to inflict—enormous suffering on the Chinese people occasioned from them neither remorse nor reflection. Far from offering a collective mea culpa, they took turns preening themselves on the "superb job" they had done in reporting from China in the 1940s. Although a principled minority, foremost among them the Durdins, seized the opportunity to re-examine critically the myth that led them astray, most of the still "captivated" correspondents refused to look past the brilliant silk screen of Chou's performance or the wonder that was Yenan, to the reality of Chinese Communist Party rule. They still, it would seem, fear anti-Communists more than they do Communists. □

A NEW WORLD ORDER

THE USES OF AMERICAN POWER

Or: Why the isolationists and the interventionists are both wrong

WICK ALLISON

THE IRAQI invasion of Kuwait has touched off a much-needed debate about the uses of American power. NATIONAL REVIEW has supported the President vigorously; in fact, we've supported the President a lot more vigorously than the President has acted.

Good friends such as Pat Buchanan, Neal Freeman, and our own Joe Sobran have wondered aloud about our position. I've wondered myself at some of the proposals that have appeared in our pages (even as I support the positions we've taken in our editorials). But that's all to the good; it means we can turn this debate to beneficial effect by using it to establish some rough guidelines for the appropriate application of American military force in the post-cold-war era.

But first it might be useful to look at the objections conservative critics have raised to the Mideast operation.

The smallest group—well, actually, I can find only one, my colleague Joe Sobran—seems to have reached the conclusion that force should be used only to meet a direct invasion. I won't say he has succumbed to a new pacifism, but he seems to have gone further than, for instance, Pat Buchanan, who himself argues that the build-up of American military might after the Second World War was justified only by the threat of Communism, and that its diminution should bring a corresponding withdrawal to our own shores.

Others, like Tom Bethell and Tom Fleming, are reflexively hostile to the President's call for a "new world order," seeing in the phrase an unwelcome pretext for Wilsonian interventionism. And still others are troubled by the idea that America, far from acting as world leader, is actually being treated as world patsy, risking its blood and treasure for the protection of allies, such as Japan and Germany, who are making economic hay while the sun shines.

Buchanan's "America First" neo-isolationism has rhetorical appeal (what American doesn't want to put America first?), even when colored by neo-paci-

Mr. Allison is NR*'s publisher.*

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fism. And Bethell is right: liberal interventionism "to make the world safe for democracy" has cost us lives for little or no gain. (Vietnam, for example, was a Wilsonian adventure right out of the history textbooks. Conservatives supported the war for anti-Communist reasons, but we should not be blind to its liberal ontogeny.)

Like It or Not

BUT THE fact is that a new world order is struggling to be born. Unless the Buchanans and Bethells believe history *has* ended, and human nature has suddenly and miraculously changed, the construction of this new world order is a matter in which they should want the United States to have an assertive role. Otherwise, America could find itself at best at an economic disadvantage and at worst again under threat from an as-yet-unknown military adversary. (Barry Goldwater believes it was the American isolationism of the Twenties and Thirties that, more than the Treaty of Versailles, provoked World War II.)

Since the affairs of nations at their root depend on the military capacity to compel compliance, the U.S. today (with the collapse of the Soviet Union) holds an unchallenged leadership position which should be exploited to the maximum while it lasts.

But it can be a short step from recognizing American pre-eminence to putting America in the role of world policeman. My colleague John O'Sullivan seemed to take that step two issues back when he proposed that an international force ensure domestic tranquillity among the various factions in South Africa, and that the U.S. contribute troops to it. The problem with such a suggestion is simple: Policemen get shot at.

This is not to say that intervention is necessarily wrong. In the last month, as an international force sweltered in the Saudi desert, two other international forces have actually seen combat: a five-nation force of central-African states in Liberia and a three-nation force (France, Belgium, and Zaire) in Rwanda. Neither of these forces is imperialistic in purpose; their goals are to restore order, end any threat of disruption to their borders or their nationals, and allow the resumption of normal commerce. These are "police actions" in the full meaning of the phrase. Our invasion of Panama falls under the same rubric. Nations have the right to maintain order when violence may threaten their own borders; great powers reserve the right to intervene—whatever the United Nations says—in their immediate spheres of influence, e.g., the U.S. in the Caribbean, France in Africa.

The question remains: Outside of interventions in our own hemisphere, how are we to judge when it is prudent to apply American force? How do we avoid the quagmires into which Wilsonian adventures inevitably lead?

One rule should guide us. Each newly inaugurated American President should be handed a sealed envelope with a slip of paper inside on which is written: *Never go to war merely for a noble purpose.*

The U.S. should use military force outside our hemisphere only when the national security, the national commonweal, or American lives are directly threatened.

This is certainly the case in the Persian Gulf. We have a direct national interest in preventing a natural resource on which the world economy depends (and ours depends too much) from becoming subject to blackmail. Our commonweal is threatened, and in the event Iraq develops a nuclear capability, our security may be.

Of course, in this instance we have a secondary interest in thwarting the takeover of a smaller peaceful country by a larger militaristic one; the world reaction so ably orchestrated by the President may give second thoughts to Third World dictators idly contemplating their neighbors' territory.

But I would argue that this interest, while morally uplifting, is entirely secondary. It will merely be the pleasant consequence of a coldly self-serving action.

On the understanding that good causes make bad law, it may be useful to take a look at a relevant but historically removed incident: Mrs. Thatcher's decision to send British force and expend British lives in the Falklands. While the U.S.-led Saudi intervention is the first major international action in the post-cold-war period, the British–Argentine conflict was *outside* the cold war, and thus can serve as a model for the period we are entering. When Mrs. Thatcher committed the British Navy to taking back the Falklands, it was not to teach a dictatorship a lesson. She no doubt didn't mind giving the Argentine generals a whack on the back of the hand, but she didn't go to war for that. She went to war to protect the lives, property, and rights of the Falkland Islanders, who are British wards.

Under this model, the U.S. would never have sent troops to die in Lebanon, and it will not send troops to die in South Africa. But neither will we sit back and hope that the world will turn out to be a better place than it has hitherto proved to be.

Avoid Good Causes

IT IS TRUE that a limited definition of the use of American power falls short of a grand design. I leave such work to John O'Sullivan, whose masterly updating of James Burnham in our last issue argues cogently for an Atlantic Common Market which would, by its very dominance of the world economy, result in a *pax Americana*. This is a compelling vision and, I think, a practical goal. It is precisely the kind of thinking the end of the cold war gives us a chance to indulge in: the working out of economic systems that will stimulate growth while removing incentives for the use of force.

I cannot follow where my colleague leads, however, when he goes on to say the U.S. might be persuaded "to go beyond a narrow interpretation of its national interest by the support of its allies and by the UN's blessing" and use its military power "to maintain stability." Nothing is more likely to send Americans back into their pre–World War II isolationist shell.

Our intervention in the Persian Gulf should not be an encouragement either for new schemes for the application of American force or for sounding the retreat from international affairs. Rather it is an occasion for a sober reflection on the price in treasure and lives each generation is required to pay to defend American liberty. The irony is double-edged: isolationism emboldens those who would threaten us; frequent interventions encourage isolationism. Let us look to ourselves, avoid good causes, and keep a wary eye on the world—and a strong right arm. □

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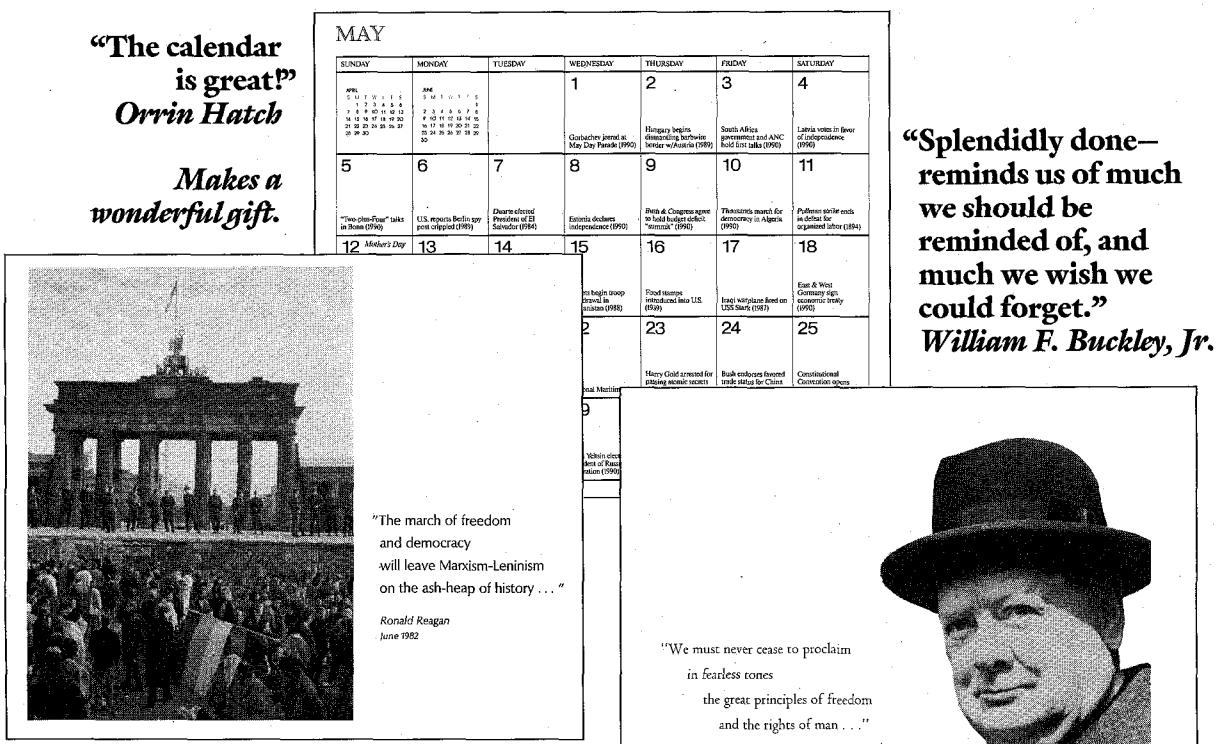
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Giving Thanks

LINDA BRIDGES

THIS BOOK (as readers of the excerpt of it in our anniversary issue know) begins with a simple premise: that each of us owes a measure of gratitude for his patrimony; and a contention: that the best way at once to stimulate that feeling and to requite it is to serve others. There is a further contention: that society can encourage this feeling in the young through certain inducements administered by the state, without embarking on a "government program," with all the baggage that would entail.

That is where the argument rested at the end of the excerpt printed in *NR*. In succeeding chapters, Mr. Buckley traces his own movement toward the idea of national service (beginning fifty years ago, when he was introduced to it by his headmaster, Edward Pulling, and rejected it, "thinking it faintly collectivist in nature"); outlines other national-service proposals; and discusses in detail the range of activities that volunteers could usefully engage in, the rewards and penalties that might be used to encourage them to serve, and a rough accounting of the initial costs of his version, which he calls, picking up a phrase from—surprisingly—William Gladstone, the Service Franchise model. In outline, this program would enlist young people when they turned 18; put them to work for a year, normally between high school and college, performing some task of benefit to the community; and then, when they have completed their year's service, give them a tangible reward—in addition to society's gratitude.

Gratitude: Reflections on What We Owe to Our Country, by William F. Buckley Jr. (Random House, 169 pp., $16.95)

The outline is not very different from those of a dozen other national-service proposals; but that is like saying that a stick-figure drawing of one man is much like the stick-figure drawing of another. What is distinctive about the Buckley program in every aspect is choice.

First of all, the program would be national, but not centralized. It would be truly federal, in the sense of having a (small) central coordinating administration but entrusting most of the details, including the initial disbursement of funds, to the several states. This is partly because "When considering a new national program, it clearly makes sense to ask whether we shouldn't jolt ourselves awake from the myth of the spontaneously generated dollar sprouting up in Washington, D.C. . . ." and partly because the states have (or ought to have) a clearer idea of what their own citizens need: "In Florida, perhaps care for the old; in Wyoming, conservation; in Illinois, school tutoring; in the District of Columbia, crime prevention." (By the way, I wonder if the Ramsey Clarks will be appropriately outraged by Mr. Buckley's list of current ventures in voluntarism, which begins predictably with the Peace Corps but winds up, with no change in tone of voice, with the Guardian Angels.)

Fred Carlson

Young people signing up for National Service would be able to choose among the jobs available in their locality, and perhaps even further afield through a list maintained in the central office. "('Dear Sirs: Where do you go if you are interested in learning how to fight the hoof-and-mouth disease?')" There would also be a certain amount of flexibility in timing, so that if one of the hard cases Mr. Buckley sketches in Chapter One—Isabelle Noyes, let's say, who for family reasons can't afford to take a year off school—wants to serve, she could make up the two thousand hours in four summers, or in evenings during the school term, or even spread out over ten years.

Likewise in the structure of inducements, positive and negative, choice is kept uppermost (with one exception, which I'll come to in a moment). Unlike, say, the bill proposed by Senator Sam Nunn, which would reward National Service veterans by sending $10,000 on their account to the college they go on to attend (or, if they aren't going to college, permitting them to apply the $10,000 to a home mortgage), the Buckley plan would simply grant immunity from the first $10,000 in federal income tax owed, however many years that covered. "There is no reason," Mr. Buckley writes, "to make the reward restrictive"—no reason except that most of the people who come up with national-service plans tend to enjoy prescribing for others.

On the question of negative inducements, Mr. Buckley would make non-participants ineligible for federal college loans, and would permit the states to come up with locally appropriate sanctions of their own; but he flatly rejects the proposal by Richard Danzig and Peter Szanton for a 5 per cent surtax on non-participants: "This is a dangerous road to travel, since the power to tax is indeed the power to destroy." But having avoided that trap, he falls into another: he seriously considers denying driver's licenses to 18-year-olds who decline to participate. This, says Mr. Buckley, is, "in most

Miss Bridges is NR*'s managing editor.*

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cases, the ultimate weapon." It surely is: the biological/chemical/hydrogen bomb. Except for residents of a few large Northern cities, invoking this provision would be tantamount to conscription. I urge Mr. Buckley to think of Isabelle Noyes and Kathy Ellis, and drop this weapon from his arsenal as he argues for his proposal in other fora.

There is much more in this small book: detailed financial and logistical analyses, refutations of counterarguments, lyrical evocations of "a country we achingly long to make as great as the legends insist that the United States is"; but they, like the imperishable account of a plane-spotting episode in World War II, will have to be left for the book itself.

Readers of this journal will not need an extended discussion of Mr. Buckley's style. But I would quote two favorite passages:

> A society that strives after the enhancement of the commonly recognized virtues must encourage, not discourage, civic distinctions, always provided there is perpetual mobility across the tracks. The example set by the more virtuous citizen is a force for the good. To suggest that it is divisive is on the order of frowning on Eagle Scouts because their mere existence discourages the mass of Tenderfoots.

> I am not conversant with the literature of clinical psychology, and do not intend to become so. But I sense intuitively that while friendship does not necessarily grow out of experience shared, experience shared conduces to a bond from which friendship can grow. I move on to say that my conviction is that friendship is strengthened by such experiences as bring out in us that which ever so lightly elevates us from the trough of self-concern and self-devotion.

But while a novel, a biography, a history has done its job if it has enriched the reader's mind and spirit, this book is a polemic, and a polemic seeks to have some effect beyond itself. Libertarians, I'd guess, will find the national-service proposal much too liberal; but liberals—even if pleasantly surprised to see Mr. Buckley use the word "national" favorably other than before the word "anthem" (which, no, by the way, it would *not* be a grand idea to replace with "America the Beautiful")—will find it too flexible and modest to be of any use.

The idea's natural constituency, then, is among traditionalists, who both feel that sense of gratitude to those who developed and maintained Western civilization, and wish to pass that sense along to another generation. Most of them, I think, would find Mr. Buckley's premise compelling, and many of them will be convinced also of his program's practicality; but they might well, with one eye on the budget spectacle in Washington, be nervous about turning any such project over to our current legislators and administrators. If the day comes when a bill can be passed embodying the essential elements of the Buckley proposal (voluntarism; true federalism; tight restrictions on the mandate of the overseeing bureaucracy), we will know that our beloved country is already starting to recover from its sixty-year bout with galloping statism. □

The Big Picture

RICHARD BROOKHISER

AS ITS subtitle suggests, *Pledging Allegiance*, by Sidney Blumenthal, a senior editor of *The New Republic*, comes encased in a carapace of geopolitical big-think. But beneath the plates is a traditional, that's-the-way-it-was campaign book about the election of 1988. Readers who want to get the most out of Blumenthal—and there is much to be gotten—will go straight to the core.

The basic problem of the campaign genre is how to make two-year-old news interesting. Good writing helps, and Blumenthal delivers. Time and again, you come across things that Elizabeth Drew would have just said, or that Germond & Witcover would have said badly, presented with a nice zip. "Al Gore was the boy on horseback." Conservatives "loved [Nixon] for his enemies, and he loved to throw them against his enemies." If his style has a flaw, it is that he lets it control his perceptions, rather than forcing his perceptions to dictate his style. The portraiture in *Pledging Allegiance* is bright, sardonic, and somewhat two-dimensional, which is the result of being rendered epigrammatically.

Pledging Allegiance: The Last Campaign of the Cold War, by Sidney Blumenthal (Harper, 374 pp., $22.50)

Of all his characters, Blumenthal has the best grip on Gary Hart and Michael Dukakis. He persuades me that Hart is an intelligent man, and that Dukakis is an eerie one. He doesn't have a fix on George Bush (who does?), but he includes a vignette that throws valuable light on Bush's relationship to the Wise Men, those preppies of yesteryear, and their heirs. "In the mid 1970s, at a small meeting of members of the Council on Foreign Relations . . . Bush had a sharp altercation with William Bundy. . . . He lashed out: 'You Bundys had your chance.'"

Most important, Blumenthal realizes, in contrast to almost all of his journalistic brethren, that the true determinants of elections are not media maneuvers or other inside-baseball plays, but ideas, however crude or mistaken. The medium is not the message. "There are as many possible permutations of the permanent campaign as there were of the system it replaced . . . Since its advent, all manner of messages have been broadcast through its modalities."

Blumenthal knows what campaigns in general are about. That doesn't mean, though, that he knows what the last campaign was about. Here is where the design of the book gets in the author's way. Blumenthal wants to say that the 1988 election was about perceptions—mostly, misperceptions—of the end of the cold war. Since it was in fact almost entirely about domestic issues, Blumenthal literally has to make something out of nothing. "Though the campaign seemed to be insignificant because of its evasiveness, its very emptiness suggested its importance."

So, while he remorselessly sifts everything the candidates said, or did not say, about Gorbachev, he barely mentions the issue of taxes, which more than anything else sank Dole in

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New Hampshire and Dukakis in November. He treats the GOP's exploitation of Willie Horton as if charging softness on criminals was a symbolic stand-in for charging softness on Communism. The hell with Communism: people didn't like the Massachusetts furlough program because they didn't want to be raped or murdered.

So large do the cold war and anti-Communism loom in Blumenthal's view of American political life that he identifies them as the source of modern negative campaigning. What about greed, a little theme Democrats have been playing for fifty years? Blumenthal has a lot of fun with *The Roosevelt Red Record and Its Background*, a crazy-right book of the Thirties. Next time he is in the library, I urge him to look up *The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover*, commissioned for the 1932 campaign by Democratic money-man John J. Raskob, which accused Herbert Hoover of being a tool of big business and the British, and which implied that he was a hermaphrodite, for good measure.

Back in the present, Blumenthal frowns at the smear, first floated by Lyndon LaRouche and briefly picked up by conservatives, that Dukakis was secretly insane, but says not a word about the main Democratic smear, that Bush had a mistress. Dirt is as common in presidential campaigns as red, white, and blue balloons, and it wasn't invented by cold-warriors.

Blumenthal's main beef against conservatives, however, is not our manners, but our failure to see that the cold war was ending, and that the Soviets had lost. He quotes with relish the gloomful analyses of Jeane Kirkpatrick and Jean-François Revel. "The transition to totalitarian rule," Revel wrote in 1977, "is by definition irrevocable. . . . It becomes impossible for residents of a totalitarian state to conceive of, or to remember, a society different from their own. Their capacity to dream as well as to think begins to fail." Twelve years later, there was dancing on the Berlin Wall.

Jeane Kirkpatrick has defended her prognoses. But I think that there is truth to the charge that conservatives didn't understand what was happening as the ice cracked. Some of us don't understand it yet. Gorbachev is not a democrat, and his decaying raj bears watching. But shouldn't we have seen what was coming before 1989? And could intellectual habit have played a role in our failure to do so?

It is no defense *sub specie aeternitatis*, but it is an entirely adequate defense against Blumenthal that no one else credible saw it coming either. Blumenthal cites gurus such as Stephen Cohen of Princeton as men who knew what Gorbachev portended. But all the Cohens of this world prove is that stopped clocks are right twice a day. Since anti-anti-Communist Sovietologists tend to believe a) that every Soviet leader is bent on reform, and b) that there isn't all that much that needs reforming anyway (since the socialist goals which Leninism espouses are ones that they, by and large, share), their faith in Gorbachev was less than inspiring.

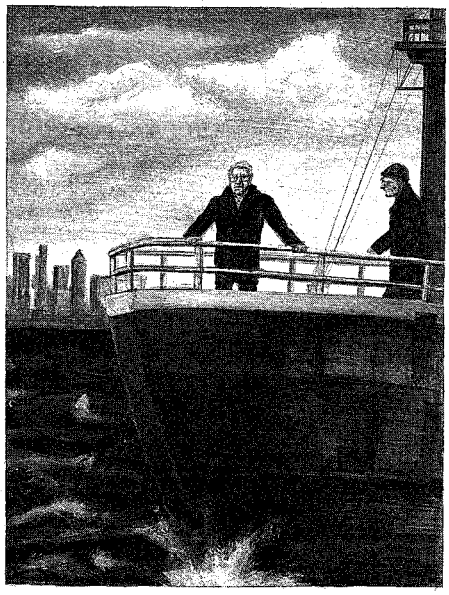
Campaign books, alas, have the longevity of snowdrops. As soon as they appear, it's time to start researching the next ones. I'll read Blumenthal's coverage of 1992 with pleasure, and his analysis with skepticism. □

Scribes at Sea

CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

JOHN McPHEE has been called a chronicler of everyday things, an inaccurate description unless one considers crofting in the Hebrides, canoeing in Maine, and drilling with the Swiss army to be things one runs across every day. Because his material ventures far from the subject matter of fiction, and *very* far from the subject matter of most non-fiction, he quickly gained a reputation as one who could invest a seed catalogue with high drama. He is not a great prose writer, as many have claimed, but has always had a formidable grace, making his readers feel at home in the most alien of subjects. In *Basin and Range*, for example, there is nothing incongruous in his description of the Himalayas as being created by the Indian subcontinent "ramming into" Asia (over the course of *X* billion years), and his description of fossil evidence for despeciation during the Permian extinction can almost move one to tears.

Looking for a Ship, by John McPhee (Farrar, 242 pp., $17.95)



Joseph Borzotta

Mr. Caldwell is assistant managing editor of The American Spectator.

McPhee is generally most interested in things as they are about to be demolished. At the end of *The Pine Barrens*, plans are under way to level that part of New Jersey for an international airport. In *The Survival of the Bark Canoe*, it appears that the bark canoe will not survive long. And one of the characters in "Travels in Georgia" launched his presidential campaign two years after the piece appeared in *The New Yorker*.

A similar sense of impending disaster pervades *Looking for a Ship*, in which McPhee joins first mate Andy Chase on the *SS Stella Lykes*, one of the last ships of the dying American merchant fleet, on a journey from Charleston, South Carolina, through the Panama Canal to the west coast of South America. North American shipping went into a free-fall in the 1980s. High salaries (some of McPhee's "old salts" pull in upwards of a hundred grand a year), soaring insurance premiums, and the new "open-flagging" system that has created shipping giants of such places as Panama, Liberia, and Taiwan have made the merchant marine an economic dinosaur. The Soviet Union now ships fifty times as much of the world's sea cargo as the United States. The average age of the *Stella Lykes* crew is around sixty.

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There are no cargo ships being built in the United States. "Russia is going to have five thousand merchant ships in ten years," says the captain of the *Stella Lykes*. "And we are going to have none—enn, oh, enn, ee, as in not any."

This has had disastrous geopolitical implications, as when the U.S. used Russian merchant ships—they were cheaper—to send "defense-sensitive" F-14s to Israel. But McPhee is more caught up in the human disaster of it: the loss of a livelihood, the loneliness of practicing an obsolescent trade. McPhee is a conservative green, who would like to keep not only the wilds uncontaminated, but human institutions as well. One feels certain he disapproves of Vatican II, fast food, the designated hitter, New Coke, Dolby, and Spandex.

Coke, Dolby, and Spandex.

McPhee has a great ear for the language of trade; the book is full of geezongs, demacs, astigmatizers, pad eyes, Panama chocks, pirogues, and gland steam. I like that one: *gland steam*. And his passion for Fun Facts to Know and Tell hasn't waned. We learn that a 665-foot-long cargo ship like the *Stella Lykes* gets 0.017 mile per gallon, that the Miraflores locks in the Panama Canal weigh 745 tons but are so perfectly balanced that they can be opened and closed with a hand-crank, that Colombian drug dealers smear urine from wild dogs on shipping containers, in order to frighten off the sniffers at U.S. Customs.

McPhee fails gravely, however—and uncharacteristically—to give you a sense of where you are. No sooner has Andy Chase been assigned his duties on the *Stella Lykes* than we are steaming into the Humboldt Current six days south of Guayaquil. We avoid Tropical Depression #7 in the Gulf of Mexico only to dock in Callao (Peru). We get the voyage in snapshots, and the characters as well—a pity, since there are some interesting ones. There is a mechanic named David Carter who, while a student at Tulane, had two girlfriends: Betty Here (in New Orleans) and Betty There (in Auburn, Alabama). There is a Panamanian horse trainer named Carlos Rolando López, who saves all his grain for Dr. Sab (out of White Reason by Seattle Slew); for his other charges, the only supplement to their hay is the wood they can gnaw off their stalls. There is Panama Canal pilot Jonas Thorsteinsson, who, McPhee tells us without batting an eyelash, is "the author of the basic Icelandic text on celestial navigation."

McPhee carries a tape recorder with him on the voyage, but it's hard to figure out what he uses it for. Only the ship's captain, Paul Washburn—a historian *manqué* who lives and dies by the Washington Redskins, holds intense and angry conversations with the *Stella Lykes*, and can parallel-park a 665-foot boat in a seven-hundred-foot space—has any depth at all. And how does McPhee always find the intellectual in any crowd—the Melvillean captain who describes a fellow sailor as "dark-visaged," the boiler technician who could be mistaken for Demosthenes? Why does Andy Chase happen to be the great-great-great-grandson of the legendary nineteenth-century mariner Nathaniel Bowditch?

RANDOM NOTES

■ SADDAM AND PROPHECY. In *Saddam Hussein and the Crisis in the Gulf* (Times Books) we learn that his favorite movie is *The Godfather*. And Judith Miller of the *New York Times* and Laurie Mylroie of Harvard are not shy about comparing the Iraqi dictator to Don Corleone. Their 85,000-word "instant book" was published nine weeks after Iraq invaded Kuwait.

A press release calls it "unprecedented": the first all-original quickie paperback. Well, other instant books have been mostly compilations of previously, albeit recently, published material, but the best ever instant was also done from scratch: *Ninety Minutes at Entebbe*, by William Stevenson and Uri Dan, an account of the 1976 Israeli rescue of hostages held in Uganda.

So this slapdash is *not* unprecedented, and, while it is well written and mostly sensible, its editorializing is vapid. ("And why, when Americans were watching the price of gas soar, despite Bush's limp calls for restraint, did he persist in skimming along the coast of Kennebunkport in his gas-guzzling cigarette boat?") In the end the authors can only agree with that noted Orientalist Kevin Phillips: ". . . U.S. Persian Gulf military involvement looks like the classic overreach of a declining superpower going into debt to maintain yesteryear's prestige."

■ Instantly reinvigorated by the Gulf crisis is Hal Lindsey's *The Late Great Planet Earth* (in editions by Zondervan and Bantam), the best-selling non-fiction book of the 1970s. Other "prophetic" books, including various editions of Nostradamus, are also as hot as the Saudi sand. Bible sales are up 25 per cent.

Intellectuals usually judge Mr. Lindsey's undertaking to be opportunistic: the Bible itself offers no unriddling of its warnings, so this fellow Lindsey—claiming no help from the angels—can only be doomsaying for dollars. Well, there *is* profit in prophecy, and, like all save the few saints, Mr. Lindsey *does* have a taste for the good life. But no base ambition subverts the integrity of his work, which is not to say he is always—or even ever—right.

Modern concern with the Bible's prophetic eschatology began in earnest with the Diaspora's end: the founding of modern Israel. Any tension in the Middle East tends to make the apocalyptic pulse rush. With Saddam rebuilding Babylon, and with talk in Israel of rebuilding the Temple, the faithful fairly faint. I remain upright—a skeptic; although not one who believes intellectual life *equals* skepticism. After all, my creed holds that "Christ will come again," which precept is historic, if futuristic. The teleology of all prophetic pronouncements, and of *interpreters Christian and Jewish*, is the coming of the Messiah.

"So," I asked Hal Lindsey, "is the end of history beginning in the Gulf?"

"That's what everybody wants to know," he said. "I've never named a day or a time, but I can tell you this: Prophecy is on fast forward. I do believe we live in the generation that will see Armageddon."

But not before 1992. When Europe is unified, and S. Hussein, Esq., completes Nebuchadnezzar's work, then there will be the *illusion* of peace. Suddenly, the Arab countries, allied with a reinvigorated Soviet Union, will attack Israel. Watch for it soon at a planet near you.

—BRAD MINER

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ness about even McPhee's most far-flung "real-world" voyages, and even at a Colombian roadblock it's hard not to feel we're accompanying him on a Groton Semester at Sea, in which the "characters" who spice up his books—the Dirty Shirt George Prices, the Pete Pizzarellis, the sailors who pronounce Thailand "Thigh Land"—appear as so many caretakers of country houses.

As the merchant marine dies, they may need the practice. This is not one of McPhee's best books, but it has the same strength—a loving attention to detail that makes us return to his pages after the canyons he writes of have been blasted and the trees poisoned. It is history of a sort, and this first history of the last merchant mariners will become all the more worth reading as its characters leave their ships to take up jobs in factories or get blasted on beer on the front porches of retirement homes. □

Adler *v.* Averroës

MATTHEW SCULLY

READERS of *Aristotle for Everybody*, *Ten Philosophical Mistakes*, or any other of his thirty books know Mortimer J. Adler as an even-tempered fellow, always the firm but patient taskmaster helping us to think straight. Propositions are adduced, major and minor premises advanced, exceptions allowed for, objections anticipated, and conclusions stated in the most qualified and precise language. Everyone, Professor Adler assumes, is as eager for truth and clarity as he is; and if certain modern thinkers have gone astray, he attributes this to an innocent misreading of Mill or Rousseau. You find yourself sometimes wishing he'd drop the Thomistic calm and consider less honorable motives. But maybe this is what makes him the philosopher and us the pupils.

Truth in Religion: The Plurality of Religions and the Unity of Truth, by Mortimer J. Adler (Macmillan, 156 pp., $18.95)

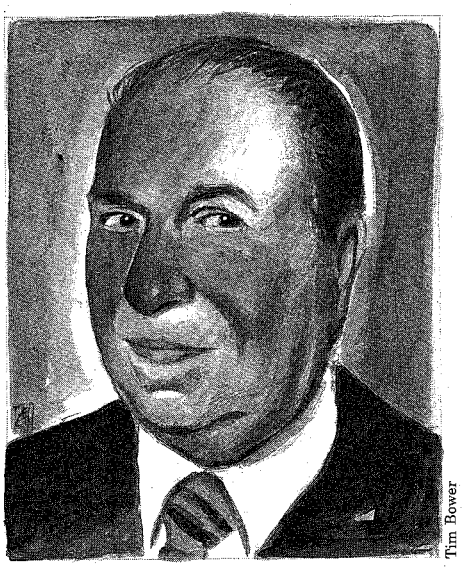
His new book, *Truth in Religion*, affords an example of what sort of argument does make Professor Adler impatient. This comes in reply to the late Joseph Campbell's widely noted six-hour interview with Bill Moyers on PBS, entitled *The Power of Myth*. Professor Campbell, as those who endured the interview or subsequent book will recall, had an Emersonian gift for casting atheism in the language of faith: "God is the manifestation of energy—not the source." All religions are "misunderstood mythologies," uplifting metaphors reflecting the "potentialities" within. One waited and waited for Mr. Moyers to elicit a frank and unequivocal, "Bill, there is no God," so that the philosophical import of that position could be examined. Instead, the series ended with Mr. Moyers thanking his subject for "liberating my faith from the cultural prisons to which it had been sentenced."

Alas for Mr. Moyers, reading *Truth in Religion* he'll discover his sentence is not quite up yet, and it's going to take more than Professor Campbell's "potentialities" to spring him. Professor Campbell's idea of a solid argument, counters Professor Adler, was to cite various pre-Christian cultures having Christ-like figures or notions of redemption and salvation. These are historically interesting but not logically relevant. Indeed, he writes, "What these many similar myths make manifest is something common to the human race as a whole: mankind's sense of its delinquency and the inadequacy of its powers to raise itself up from its earthly condition. . . ." Nor will it do to say merely that God's existence cannot be established through reason. One must then prove the contrary, contends Professor Adler, or else reserve final judgment. Dogmatic materialism is "as unprovable as any article of religious faith."

Professor Campbell dispensed with, *Truth in Religion* then picks up a line of argument Professor Adler began in *How to Think about God*. In that 1980 essay, he rejected traditional proofs of God's existence by Augustine and Aquinas, but persuasively advanced a somewhat idiosyncratic argument of his own. We are warranted in believing in some efficient, independent cause that created and now sustains the universe, the book concluded, but pure reason can take us only that far. The personal God of the Old and New Testaments is plausible, but not provable; whereas an abstract Creator is provable "beyond a reasonable doubt."

A simple deduction follows, Professor Adler contends. If logic establishes the existence of one God Who created and sustains the universe, then all contrary theologies are false. It may seem a parochial, harshly illiberal position, he writes, but there is no getting around it. To prove the validity of our conception of God is to disprove the theologies of (for instance) Hinduism, Buddhism, and Shintoism.

Not only *ought* other cultures to affirm our idea of one God, asserts Professor Adler: implicitly they have done so already. All cultures have now



Tim Bower

adopted Western science and technology. They therefore have also accepted the mathematics and logic underlying these systems. Without even knowing it, observes Professor Adler, Eastern societies have affirmed the transcultural validity of Western rules of thought. And these same rules—the methods by which we present or refute evidence, expose contradictions, and establish proofs of varying degrees of philosophical certitude—would also lead them to our notion of God.

This means, his argument continues, that they are left with no logical choice but to own up to the internal contradictions of their theologies. As it is, Eastern religious doctrines not only tolerate contradiction but embrace it. Professor Adler's word for this is "Averroism," from the Arabic philoso-

Mr. Scully is NR*'s assistant literary editor.*

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pher Averroës's proposition that faith and reason co-exist in distinct "logic-tight compartments," neither consorting with the other. Intellectually and spiritually, writes Professor Adler, this inconsistency is not to be encouraged. "If Averroism is wrong in the West, it cannot be right in the East."

Of course our Averroist friends have a second option: they can ignore Professor Adler's sure-fire syllogism and go right on with their perplexing ways, with or without his philosophical imprimatur. But Professor Adler says we ought to press the point anyway. It is neither desirable nor inevitable, he believes, that humanity should order itself forever under incompatible theologies.

A reasonable enough proposition, and yet in the last few pages an odd note intrudes. We find Professor Adler insisting his insights are crucial to the "great new epoch" unfolding before us. This millennium "will not begin until there is a universal acknowledgment of the unity of truth in all areas of culture to which the standard of truth is applicable; for only then will men be able to live together peacefully in a world cultural community under one government. Only then will world civilization and world history begin."

No doubt after sixty years of educating mankind—about the stretch of Professor Adler's career—one begins to look for the results in new epochs and universal acknowledgments of truth. It doesn't seem a very philosophical expectation, and were this anyone but Mortimer Adler one could dismiss it as a rhetorical flourish, especially that bit about world civilization just now beginning. But let the point go—it's not essential to his case.

If "unity of truth" is worth pursuing, it is not for the benefit of those confounded Averroists, who will just have to sort out their own problems, but for ourselves. No great new epoch in man's search for unity is coming, regardless of whether Logic demands it. But it would be impressive enough if Professor Adler's book could teach one earnest believer like Bill Moyers not to sit enthralled as his faith is subtly mocked, or thank his mocker for the favor. □

Harry's End

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

RABBIT AT REST is not just the best of the Rabbit books, of which it is the final installment, it is probably the best of all its author's novels. Unless John Updike has something surprising up his sleeve, *Rabbit at Rest* is likely to prove his masterpiece. In this novel, Updike has achieved the serious writer's aim: namely, the perfection of his unique peculiarities of style, and their perfect reconciliation with one another. This is not to say that Updike has written a perfect novel (there is, and could be, no such thing), but simply that he has developed the technique of his own personal literary form just about as far as it can be pressed.

***Rabbit at Rest*, by John Updike (Knopf, 512 pp., $21.95)**

The earlier Rabbit books (*Rabbit, Run*, 1960; *Rabbit Redux*, 1971; *Rabbit Is Rich*, 1981) were more or less successful artistically, but each of them was in some degree spoiled by the author's inability (perhaps unwillingness) to subordinate the quality of natural and social realism to something superior and more real still. With *Rabbit at Rest* he has discovered that something and made the proper subordination. The result is a true and moving work, a beautiful book.

Rabbit at Rest opens with Harry Angstrom (former high-school star basketball player and car dealer in Brewer, Pennsylvania, now 55 and semi-retired in a condo in Florida) suffering angina pains, working up to his first heart attack, and closes with him lying minutes or hours from death after a second, catastrophic one. In the 512 pages that stretch between these situations, Updike gradually reveals the direction in which the uncertain saga of Harry, as chronicled in three previous novels composed over a period of twenty-some years, has actually been headed. In the fourth novel, an overriding preoccupation with mortality provides the text with an extra dimension that the previous works, though they too were not strangers to death, lacked. In its shadow, the life of Harry "Rabbit" Angstrom resolves itself finally, not as farce nor as bittersweet picaresque but as tragedy, albeit tragedy in a minor key. With the perspective provided by this last of the Rabbit tetralogy, we can see that throughout Harry's adulthood the oscillations both of his mind and of his spirit have swung progressively closer, narrowing in a steadily regressive direction.

At the start of the first novel Rabbit is running toward what he perceives to be life; at the conclusion of the last one, he is running again, this time toward his burrow in Florida, in which instinct tells him he is to find death. His son Nelson—just released from the detox center where he has been treated for cocaine addiction—tells him before his final attack, "'I keep trying to love you, but you don't really want it. You're afraid of it, it would tie you down. You've been scared all your life of being tied down.'" Harry himself tells Nelson's wife, Pru—immediately after fornicating with her in Nelson's own house—"'I'm tied down too. . . . I'm tied to my carcass.'" What he does not understand—and never will this side of the grave—is that his fear of being bound is a spiritual fear, not a creaturely one. Harry does have intimations of this truth, as Updike tells us in a poignant and brilliant passage:

> Though his inner sense of himself is of an innocuous passive spirit, a steady small voice, that doesn't want to do any harm, get trapped anywhere, or ever die, there is this other self seen from outside, a six-foot-three ex-athlete weighing two-thirty at the least, an apparition wearing a sleek grey summer suit shining all over as if waxed and a big head whose fluffy shadowy hair was trimmed at Shear Joy Hair Styling (unisex, 15 bucks minimum) to rest exactly on the ears, a fearsome bulk with eyes that see and hands that grab and teeth that bite, a body eating enough at one meal to feed three Ethiopians for a day, a shameless consumer of gasoline, electricity, newspapers, hydrocarbons, carbohydrates.

By dramatic skill and painstaking attention to metaphor and conceit—chief among them an airplane with a bomb in its belly, symbolizing Harry with his bad heart inside him—

Mr. Williamson, senior editor for books at Chronicles, *is the author of, most recently,* The Homestead *(Grove Weidenfeld).*

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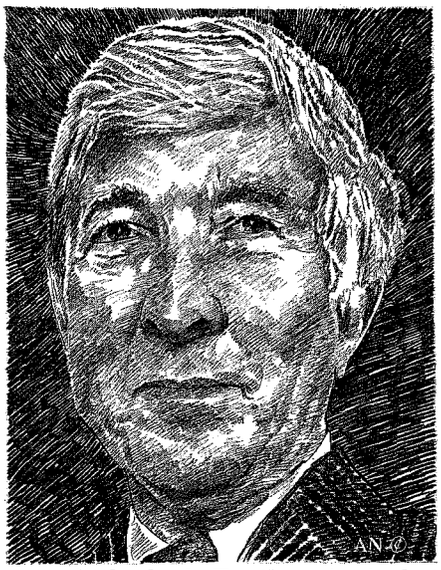
Updike conveys from the beginning of the novel a conviction not only of Harry's impending doom but of its inevitability. Rabbit's end is an appropriate one, and a chosen one as well. Even before he suffers his first attack, Harry has nothing to live for except food and sexual fantasy; after it, he ceases to believe in the possibility of his own future, and even of its desirability. He refuses bypass surgery and loses himself in reveries and self-pity, and grows—if such were possible—even more passive than he was before. Half-consciously, he is preparing himself for death; as, also not quite knowingly, his wife, Janice, is preparing herself for life beyond Harry—taking real-estate courses, making plans to sell the condo and the house in Brewer and to move into her parents' old house with Nelson and his family. While Harry lies dying in hospital in Florida and Janice thinks, "From what Dr. Olman said he would never be alive the way he was," Updike is delivering to the reader a deliberately


Alan Nahigian

nasty little shock. For the point is that Harry has not been "alive the way he was" since he was graduated from high school; he was indeed, as his budding widow also reflects, already drifting downhill when she got to know him in Kroll's store in Brewer.

The "realistic" prose of *Rabbit at Rest*, like that of Updike's work in general, remains a pastiche of closely observed detail, together with nuggets of fact and brand and popular culture, but here "realism" is moderated by a careful and elaborate (though never intrusive) structure of poetic reference, as well as by the sophisticated narrative technique. Narrative in *Rabbit at Rest* is essentially a clarified interior monologue, so straightforward that much of the time the reader is lulled into mistaking it for the voice of an omniscient narrator. By the same narrative technique, Updike forbears to impose any values or moral sense from outside the reality of his "realistic" universe. Has Rabbit's life been worthless, as even Rabbit himself thinks? Is it truth that he, like so many people he knows, is faced inescapably by the fact of "life's constant depreciation"? There is nobody *there*—within the novel's aesthetic envelope—to deny or to confirm such axioms. "Weeds don't know they're weeds," Harry reflects; while Pru asks,

RIGHT BOOKS

■ Rosalie Pedalino Porter recalls how, as a young child, she entered the American public-school system speaking not a word of English. With the help of patient teachers—and out of sheer necessity—she became fluent in her second language. Within a few years she was fully assimilated with her English-speaking classmates.

The experience was not lost on Mrs. Porter, who has since spent twenty years involved in the education of non-English-speaking children, both as a teacher and as an administrator. *Forked Tongue: The Politics of Bilingual Education* (Basic Books, 283 pp., $22.95) is her "inside account" of the failure of American multicultural education programs to meet their very basic goal of teaching "language-minority" children the English-language skills necessary to fit into their new environment.

Mrs. Porter blames this failure on "middle-class, advantaged individuals indulging in a nostalgic, romantic ethnicity," whose "impassioned rhetoric for cultural maintenance through bilingual/*bicultural* education" has doomed the immigrant poor to linguistic ghettos. This book refutes the notion that children's abilities to learn are somehow enhanced by being taught first in their native languages to develop self-esteem and pride in their native culture.

Among the problems with this approach are its segregation of language-minority students from their classmates; the absence of effective teachers for the many different languages represented in public schools; and the failure of immigrant children to develop the English skills necessary to compete for non-manual-labor jobs.

Once politicized, bilingual education programs become goals in themselves, as this book demonstrates. Providing language-minority children with the basic skills needed to compete in the marketplace becomes of secondary concern. In one bilingual program, for instance, English was the dominant language for 60 per cent of the children in a Spanish-speaking classroom. But after fighting interest groups and school boards for twenty years, Mrs. Porter is doubtful about the possibilities of working around them.

She describes, in detail, several different programs used to teach language-minority children in the U.S. and abroad. Too often, she notes, the success or failure of these programs is measured without regard to practical consequences. Results are measured instead by their conformity to the demands of local administrators, educators, and unions.

Mrs. Porter is strongest when she sticks to her topic, which she does for the first three-quarters of the book. By the end, however, she is mulling over the general crisis in America's public schools. Her opinions are sound. But she would do better providing expert testimony to pols and pundits than diluting her thesis with broad reflections.

Forked Tongue exposes us to the tragi-comic results of bureaucratic logic applied to a specific aspect of the education system. It is a fearless work, as evidenced by its straightforward way of dealing with the looming question: "Is the maintenance of family cultures to be a mandated responsibility of the public schools?" The author's refreshingly simple answer: No. —ALLEN RANDOLPH

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"'What's life supposed to be? They don't give you another for comparison.'" It is at this point that Updike breaks through to the ultimate level in literary realism.

"'A man needs an occupation,'" Harry's cardiologist tells him. "'He needs something to do. The best thing for a body is a healthy interest in life. Get interested in something outside yourself, and your heart will stop talking to you.'" So Harry, for the first time in his illness, takes the doctor's advice: He gets interested in something. It is basketball, what else could it be?—the only thing in life, outside of himself, that has ever interested him. In an improvised game with a young street black he collapses on the dirt lot, stricken by his final seizure. Either his is in some sense a redemptive death or else, of course, it is not. □

THE PRINTED WORD

Prospective Friends

RICHARD VIGILANTE

ROBERT KUTTNER and Paul Starr wish to make one thing perfectly clear. They are liberals. Not mealy-mouthed, post-Reaganite neo-liberals, but old-school, unabashed liberals of the sort placed on the endangered-species list and thought by many observers to be actually extinct. And their new magazine, *The American Prospect*, they'll proudly tell you, is pretty darn liberal too.

Fortunately for Starr, Kuttner, their fellow liberals, and their country, they are wrong. *The American Prospect* is a far more interesting magazine than the editors' own declared intentions would suggest. It illuminates and enriches the near future of American politics far more than would a journal of retreaded liberalism. It is another sign of a welcome waning of ideology in American politics and a return to a healthier American tradition.

The general tone of the magazine is one of nostalgia over liberalism's past triumphs, with the usual asides about those callous, self-seeking conservatives. But if one can bear this, the articles themselves are worth reading, and in fact often recommend policies long endorsed by conservatives. The silly self-congratulation over liberalism's legacy belies the thoughtfulness of the contributors and the relatively clear vision of the editors. The highlight of the first issue, for instance, was a remarkable article by sociologists Christopher Jencks and Kathryn Edin entitled "The Real Welfare Problem." The authors open by summarizing a very useful study by Miss Edin, suggesting that the overwhelming majority of welfare mothers are also (illegally) working mothers; that they are on welfare not because they

Mr. Vigilante is the editor of NY: The City Journal, *published by the Manhattan Institute.*

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are disinclined to work but because they cannot on their own earn enough money to support themselves and their children; and that the welfare system allows them to put together an illegal combination of self-government and support, on which they are able to survive.

The descriptive portion of the article alone is an important contribution to the welfare literature. Its ideological implications are reassuringly ambiguous. Some conservatives surely would be upset to discover that most welfare cheaters are not lazy and irresponsible, but rather have made a responsible decision to lie about their real industriousness so as to have enough money for their families. And some liberals surely would rather not believe that welfare profoundly affects individual incentives (the women choose jobs in the somewhat less well-paying and more erratic underground economy so as to hide their income) and warps the morals of the recipients, whose survival depends on deceit.

But if their results are ideologically ambiguous, the authors are far from

Lisa Haney

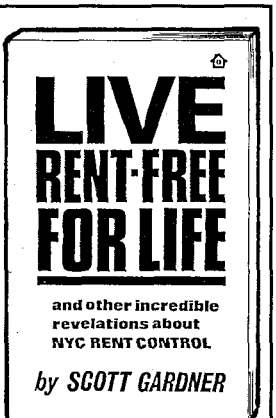
ambivalent. When they get around to prescribing, they know exactly what should be done, and it is neither expanding the welfare system, nor increasing benefits, even though they argue persuasively that few families could survive on welfare alone. On the contrary, they argue that the "American welfare system is a political and moral disaster . . . a system in which unskilled single mothers cannot improve their situation by working harder." They argue that the poor need not a substitute for work but a system of supplements for work, designed to help all low-income families, including those that stick together and otherwise behave well enough to exclude themselves from the current system. This is not a new idea. Milton Friedman suggested it more than thirty years ago in the form of the negative income tax; David Stockman and numerous other conservatives have pressed the idea since.

This hardly makes Christopher Jencks and Kathryn Edin conservatives, or the idea of a substantial system of state subsidies for the working poor a conservative notion. At the outset of the war on poverty most conservatives almost certainly would have been as horrified by such a plan as they were by the massive expansion of welfare. But neither does it make sense to regard as liberal a program built on a complete rejection of the most important anti-poverty programs of the Sixties. The Jencks–Edin argument is an outgrowth of neither conservative nor liberal ideology but experience. Thirty years ago Americans could be as ideological as they liked about an expanded welfare system, because we didn't know much about it. Now we know a lot about it. And while the most interesting analysts, from Charles Murray and George Gilder, to Jencks, Richard Freeman, and William Julius Wilson, have serious enough disagreements, it is also true that if you put them in a room and ordered them to design a better system before leaving, they would reach 90 per cent agreement in five minutes.

Also in the first issue, William Julius Wilson argues that the Democratic coalition must stress race-neutral policies for helping the poor and renounce affirmative action, which he argues does not work practically or politically. To be sure, he proclaims that his "emphasis on race-neutral programs should be clearly distinguished from the neo-conservative critique of affirmative action," but he never gives us a clue as to how we should distinguish it. Is Wilson a neo-con? No, he is a good social scientist who is not afraid of the occasional reality check.

Similarly, in "An Outward-Looking Economic Nationalism," Robert Reich

The Book That Can SAVE NEW YORK



"Live Rent-Free For Life," by Scott Gardner, is the first funny book ever written about New York's 50 year obsession with rent control. It is also the first book to finally confront the sorry spectacle of a system that pretends to help the poor, but is in fact a free handout for the rich. Gardner makes his point with such engaging good humor and comic ingenuity, you actually enjoy the devastation he wreaks among landlords, tenants, politicians, and bureaucrats alike.

In a series of short essays that range from parody to lampoon to stand-up comedy, Gardner (a former landlord of a small Manhattan apartment building), tells how it is perfectly feasible and legal for every New York tenant to stop paying rent forever, reveals the agony of an agency that is moving beyond chaos, introduces a bill to harness a resource scarcer than warehoused apartments, pokes fun at the city's "neediest" millionaires, writes a blasphemous New York version of Genesis, catalogs the latest high-tech methods landlords employ for getting rid of unwanted tenants, and reports on the perils of becoming an "instant landord," along with many other rib-tickling tidbits.

But underneath the hilarity is a serious indictment of New York's incredibly mismanaged and discredited housing policies. As Gardner rips the mystique away from the Big Apple's liberal facade layer by layer, he exposes the hypocritical core of what is perhaps that city's most destructive, possibly its costliest, but certainly its dumbest law.

"At a time in our history," Gardner writes, "when harsh economic reality has made Marxist dogma harder to peddle than radioactive waste, and with economic controls all over Europe and Asia being dismantled faster than an abandoned wreck on the East River Drive, New York's precious rent control may very well be the last surviving example of socialistic claptrap left in the civilized world." This book is the rude awakening NY has needed for a long time.

When its politicians eventually repeal rent control--as they surely must if the city is to revive--it might someday be said that "Live Rent-Free" was the book that saved New York. Full money-back guarantee if not tickled pinko. Paperback, 113 pgs. Send $8.95 + 2.00 shipping + .74 tax to: Scott Gardner, Box 248R, 1173A 2nd Avenue, New York City 10021.

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proposed a new trade policy designed to protect us from the follies of free-trade extremism. A new justification for protection or industrial policy? Hardly, since he seems to tell us at least once a paragraph that we must never, never surrender to the protectionists. In the second issue, Harvard sociologist Theda Skcopol calls for a renewal of the war on poverty. Finally an unregenerate liberal? No, she wants to fight poverty without poverty programs—replacing the failed initiatives of the Sixties with broad-based support programs that would not require families to behave pathologically in order to receive a helping hand, an approach very popular with some New Right groups. In the same issue, Bruce Ackerman reviews Robert Bork's *The Tempting of America*. Yes, Bork comes in for some criticism, but only after Ackerman enthusiastically, even passionately, endorses Bork's contention that the morality of the jurist is to restrict himself to interpreting the law, not rewriting it.

So, is the liberalism of the past several decades really exhausted, and have conservatives won the field? Yes, and no. The liberalism we have known is exhausted, but so is the conservatism we have known. The past several decades have been, by American standards, an era of exceptional ideological coherence, and polarization. All, or nearly all the issues of the day, from whether we should add fluoride to the water supply to whether a system of space-based defenses against missile attack was technologically feasible, seemed to line up in neat Manichean bundles. To know how a man felt about cutting income taxes was to know whether he favored parental notification for abortion.

This state of affairs was as undesirable as it was, for America, untraditional. At its worst it helped make the Sixties the stupidest, loudest, and most destructive decade in American history. It now seems to be receding. Conservatism and liberalism will not disappear in their deeper manifestations as sensibilities, and even theologies. But the old ideological bundles are breaking up, in part because some of the old issues are passing away, in part because in other areas of dispute experience is overtaking theory and producing consensus, and in part because people got tired of screaming.

There probably will be a new liberalism, that is to say, a new grouping of ideas and ideologies, programs and policies arising from the liberal sensibility. But one cannot yet predict what it might yield. The future of conservatism seems to lie in a concern for the state not of the deficit, or of the defense budget, but of the culture. Philistines, bullies, prudes, and fops; the New Agers, the new racists, the new Puritans, and the new class all but strangle us with their new rules on what we can say and think in polite society. America desperately needs a bonfire of the pieties. Conservatives, and perhaps NATIONAL REVIEW, are well suited for the job of ignition.

Meanwhile, *The American Prospect* is an interesting, not very liberal magazine, written and edited by smart people who want to make the country better. If you have the time for one more magazine, it is worth reading. □

NOW SHOWING

The Freshman is an equation of unknowns. Brando's craft is less the actor's than the taxidermist's.

Mo' Better Blues has formulaic storytelling, maniacal parallelism, and heavy-handed symmetry.

Presumed Innocent is not up to the book. Harrison Ford looks more and more like an Edsel.

Pretty Woman, starring Richard Gere and Julia Roberts, has to be seen to be disbelieved. The film is about golden-hearted whores who become honest, married lovers.

The Two Jakes glories in its deviousness and inscrutability. Jack Nicholson is no Roman Polanski.

Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down! is Beauty and the Beast. Almodovar was more wholesome than usual.

Wild at Heart is a cul-de-sac of a road movie in which nothing leads anywhere or makes the barest minimum of sense. —JOHN SIMON

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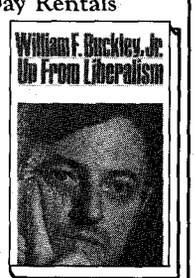

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ART

Understanding from Within

JAMES GARDNER

I LOVE the American Museum of Natural History. I love the way its massive length stretches along the wide side of Central Park like some benign, quiescent dinosaur. I love the musty, superannuated smell of its interminable corridors, its facsimile fish and fragile glass models of micro-organisms, its quaint dioramas of bullmoose, egrets, and yaks, untouched since the day they were stuffed back in the Thirties. But most of all I love the halls of anthropology and ethnology, the Hall of Asian Life, Man in Africa, and the Eskimo Hall. As often as I have visited these parts of the museum, I can never enter them without feeling an expansive rush of friendship for, and communion with, the noble strangers whose lives are thus revealed to me. I recall, in the deepest and naïvest part of my soul, those sublime words of Miranda: "How wondrous mankind is!"

I felt that way again on a recent visit to African Reflections, a fine new exhibition on display at the museum through next January. This exhibition is devoted to the art and culture of the Mangbetu peoples of northeastern Zaire. The Mangbetu were and remain a great nation, and have been in contact with Europeans since the early nineteenth century.

At the meridian of their greatness, before being colonized by Belgium more than one hundred years ago, the Mangbetu were organized into a large and impressively centralized kingdom. They met in prodigiously massive halls of timber and woven rattan, over a hundred feet long and fifty feet wide, with a roof that sloped down forty feet until it almost touched the ground. Their kings and queens were arrayed in all the costly regalia befitting their greatness. Their court was one of punctilious ceremony.

Through art and artifacts, photographs, music, and videos, the present exhibition offers us a deep insight into the culture of the Mangbetu. To be sure, the display itself betrays the slightly maladroit clunkiness that one expects from the museum. Its treasures are spread out across a confusingly labyrinthine sequence of rooms that have learned little from the "museological" snazziness that typifies most exhibitions at the Metropolitan, its more richly endowed sister across the park.

The artifacts displayed at the museum often possess a beauty that endows them with more than merely ethnological interest. Whereas much of the art of Africa has tended to be abstract, the Mangbetu have made out of wood many sensitively modeled figures that exhibit a keen observation of the human body, as well as humorous and not always flattering scenes of white men carved into ivory. But it was primarily during the period of European overlordship that these peoples made anthropomorphic art. Before that time, and subsequently, they showed a great affinity for abstract patterns composed of natural fibers, animal tails, turtle vertebrae, seedpods, fish jawbones, teeth, fiber cordage, shells, brass wires, and whatever else was ready at hand.

My admiration for the exhibition was not shared by a companion, a young woman of more "enlightened" propensities. Although she could accept with some measure of decorum the scientific sections of the museum, albeit with grave misgivings about the stuffed animals, she had nothing good to say about African Reflections and the permanent ethnological installations. For her the museum was a veritable fortress of Eurocentrism, casting a questionably scientific glow over Western colonial expansion into the Third World. For her it was a cathedral to the arrogance of European man's incursions into the habitats of those who are referred to, so condescendingly, as "primitive." She was not alone in this opinion. In his excellent if tendentious work, *The Invention of Africa*, V. Y. Mudimbe writes that "the discourse on 'savages' is . . .

(Continues on page 58)

Mr. Gardner writes frequently about art for NR *and* Commentary.

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(Continues on page 58)

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CLASSIFIEDS

(Continued from page 57)

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GARDNER

(Continued from page 56)

a discourse in which an explicit political power presumes the authority of a scientific knowledge and vice versa. Colonialism becomes its project and can be thought of as a duplication and a fulfillment of the power of Western discourses on human varieties."

Contemporary thinkers have looked with grave misgivings upon the most fundamental premises of ethnology and have criticized its claims to record objectively the attributes of alien cultures. The clinically taxonomical cataloguing of the varieties of the human species, the delight in the incarnated differentness of peoples, has seemed to be fraught with innumerable acts of cultural hubris. Anthropologists like Claude Lévi-Strauss have as their ideal "to understand being in relation to itself and not in relation to oneself"—in other words, to understand alien cultures from within, according to their own terms, effacing all the superficial differences of people that obscure their essential sameness.

It is to the credit of the American Museum of Natural History that it has stood its ground with regard to its legion of detractors. It is one of the pleasures of the universe we inhabit that all peoples are related and no two are the same. Interest in ethnology arises from a healthy delight in the differences among peoples. To pretend otherwise, in the interest of a pseudo-scientific and ultimately valueless quest for absolute objectivity, is foolhardy and wrong. □

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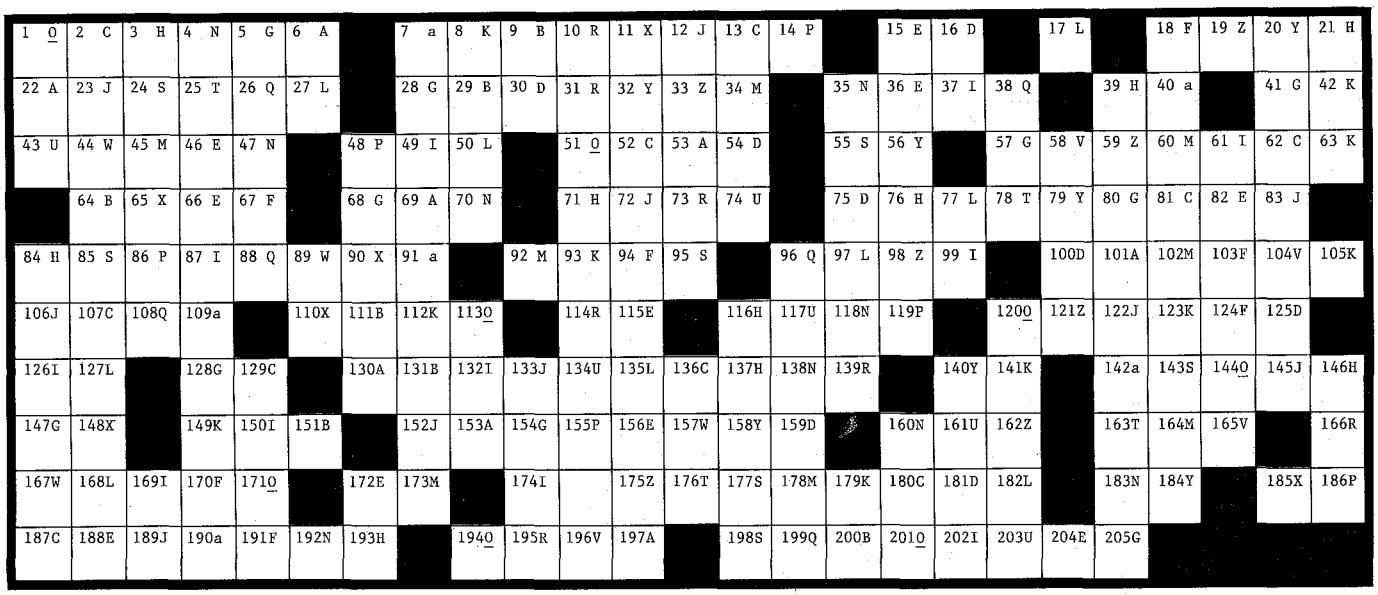

DEFINITIONS

A. Sons and daughters — 22 69 130 6 197 53 153 101

B. Occasion for blue-grass music — 200 29 111 151 9 64 131

C. It can be found in a magazine — 52 136 13 81 129 187 107 180 2 62

D. Southern capital — 159 100 30 125 54 181 16 75

E. Where Casey Jones plied his trade — 82 172 46 204 188 115 66 15 156 36

F. Intellectual — 103 170 124 67 94 191 18

G. Where the dermatologist makes notes (2 words) — 28 80 205 5 68 147 154 41 128 57

H. Attorney (slang) — 71 21 146 39 116 84 76 193 3 137

I. Predestined — 169 37 174 202 126 61 132 150 87 99 49

J. Circumferential way to make a point — 23 72 133 106 145 12 152 122 189 83

K. Walled city south of Frankfurt — 42 141 179 93 105 112 149 123 8 63

L. Love — 17 127 77 135 27 50 97 168 182

M. Not aged — 34 164 178 92 102 173 45 60

N. Not carved in granite — 183 70 138 192 160 35 4 118 47

O. Cask for holding wine — 171 144 194 1 51 120 201 113

P. Boxer Larry Holmes's hometown — 119 155 14 186 86 48

Q. Desired, or left — 96 26 88 108 199 38

R. Vainglorious one — 166 10 195 139 31 73 114

S. When it was on fire there were volumes of smoke! — 177 55 198 143 24 85 95

T. Type face — 78 176 163 25

U. Director's command — 117 134 74 203 43 161

V. One method of learning — 104 196 165 58

W. Geraint's wife — 89 167 157 44

X. Title of respect — 90 65 185 110 148 11

Y. Feeling — 32 20 184 140 79 158 56

Z. What news reports may be — 175 98 59 121 33 19 162

a. Haphazard — 91 190 40 7 142 109

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

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Well, What Do You Know!

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 19

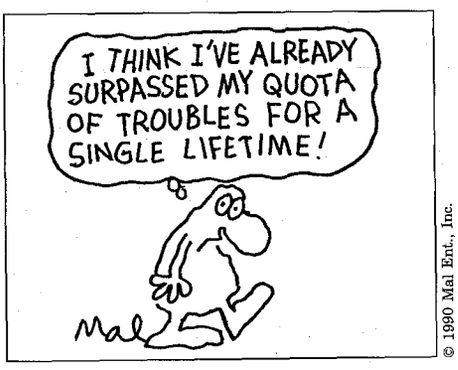
On Monday (Oct. 15) the *New York Times* headline read, "Roosevelt Aide Called an Unwitting Spy." The story, datelined London, spoke of a new book called *KGB: The Inside Story*, by KGB defector Oleg Gordievsky. We read in the *Times* story filed by Craig Whitney about how Harry Hopkins was wonderfully useful to Stalin, serving as Hopkins did as closest confidant to President Roosevelt. He was never an agent of the Soviet Union, he just liked Stalin, putting primary emphasis on the U.S.–Soviet relationship. *Time* magazine's account of this friendship advises us that when Hopkins visited Moscow, he "was given a reception of unprecedented warmth; his personal bomb shelter came fully equipped with champagne, caviar, chocolate, and cigarettes." After the conference at Yalta, where Western leadership more or less ceded Central Europe to Stalin, Hopkins proclaimed his admiration for Stalin's genius: "There wasn't any doubt in the minds of the President or any of us that we could live with the Russians peacefully for as far into the future as any of us could imagine."

So the story went, paragraph after paragraph, and then, toward the end, as if the reporter's afterthought, we learned that Gordievsky discloses that at KGB headquarters in Moscow the man who dealt with Harry Hopkins was one Iskhak A. Akhmerov, whose duties included serving as KGB controller of—Alger Hiss! And in the book itself the diligent inquirer finds the sentence, "By early 1937, [Hiss] was delivering packets of documents to [Whittaker] Chambers at intervals of about a week or ten days." Now on the issue of Hiss *v.* Chambers, the American public is divided into those who 1) care, 2) don't care, 3) know, 4) don't know, 5) know and evaluate the significance of. It is not journalistically important to report on the activities of the Flat Earth Society (I do not know whether such a thing even exists, outside perhaps of the inner chambers of the ACLU). Certain important historical quarrels are thought to have been finally settled. Socrates should not have been convicted. Galileo shouldn't have been convicted, nor Dreyfus. About Ethel and Julius Rosenberg there is a hardy breed of dissenters who insist that they were mere idealists, crucified by McCarthyism (though McCarthy wasn't even around when they were convicted). The Rosenbergites were dealt a heavy blow only three or four weeks ago when word of their usefulness to the Soviet Union in developing the nuclear bomb came out in the latest Khrushchev memoirs.

But the innocence of Hiss is such a fighting faith among a small group of invincibly ignorant liberal ideologues that his innocence even has ceremonial celebrations. A note in the *New York Times* on February 16, 1990, chronicled an annual party, the 15th in a row, hosted by one Joseph Machlis, dedicated to celebrating the birthday of Alger Hiss. One of its principal patrons is the editor of *The Nation*, Victor Navasky, who, believe it or not, was trained as a lawyer, and even so upholds the innocence of Alger Hiss. "Hiss was wrongly convicted," he said last February. "They see him as a symbol of injustice."

It is difficult to understand how the disclosure of the name of the KGB official in Moscow who served as the controller of Alger Hiss during the Chambers days could have been given such remote attention as Mr. Whitney gave it, unless he belongs, in the Hiss–Chambers groupings above, in category 2 ("don't care"). There are great big intellectual and ideological icons all over the world who have staked out the pro-Hiss position. They include Conor Cruise O'Brien, the Irish essayist-historian-diplomat, who mocked Whittaker Chambers in language that would have been appropriate to the prosecutors of Socrates, or Dreyfus. The innocence of Alger Hiss is a kind of blood-oath commitment in the fever swamps of the opinion world, and this has got to be the heaviest blow since the day in 1948 when, under oath, Whittaker Chambers turned diplomatic history on its head by announcing calmly that Alger Hiss, along with New Dealers John Abt, Lee Pressman, Charles Kramer, Donald Hiss, Henry Collins, Victor Perlo, Nathan Witt, and Harry Dexter White, had belonged to an underground Soviet cell, working not for the New Deal, but for the Soviet Union.

The embarrassment of the Navaskys of the world is of course amusing, though quickly overwhelmed by reflecting on the millions (yes, the correct word) killed, tortured, and enslaved as the result of Stalinist victories made possible by American traitors. □



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Send That Congressman Home

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 22

Colorado and California, as we know, will ask the voters whether their representatives, state and congressional, should be limited in their terms in office, a question the voters in Oklahoma have already answered—in the affirmative. There is little doubt that the term-limitation idea is popular; it is a way of expressing a general disillusionment with Congress. To be sure, the direct way to discipline Congress is to vote out the representative who is there. But this is manifestly something the voters find it hard to do. They are, as is the case with pork barrels, against other people's congressmen; their own, they proceed to reelect. Time after time.

There is the constitutional question, of course. Do the voters have the authority to limit the terms of their congressmen? One school of thought says yes, and points to two federal-court decisions, one of them by the Supreme Court, upholding the right of a state to tell Mr. Jones that he can't run for the Senate unless he gives up his seat in the House. The prevailing opinion is that the state's right to limit an individual's candidacy to one office at a time does not vitiate the straight-arrow language of the Constitution that tells us (Article I, Section 4, Clause 1), "The times, places, and man-

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ner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by law make or alter such regulations."

Whatever the constitutional point, advocates of reform believe that clear mandates in Colorado and California, added to Oklahoma's, would either force Congress to ratify such arrangements, or even bring on a constitutional amendment. The likelihood of the former, in the opinion of Terry Considine, a Republican state senator leading the drive for a term limit in Colorado, is small—"like asking the chickens to vote for Colonel Sanders." That the House would vote for an amendment that would liquidate by rotation its own membership seems improbable, though of course the Senate, by skillful manipulation of pressures by the states, succeeded two generations ago in removing from the state legislatures the power to name senators, giving it to the people.

What should conservatives think about the proposal? Professor Charles Kesler of Claremont–McKenna, an influential young conservative theorist, opposes radical term limitation on interesting grounds. He asks first, How did the longevity of congressmen happen? Mr. Kesler finds most convincing the arguments advanced by Morris Fiorina in his book, *Congress: Keystone of the Washington Establishment*. The reason congressmen just sit there decade after decade is that government has become so complicated, constituents need individual chaperonage through the bureaucratic thickets of Social Security, unemployment, Medicaid, veterans' benefits—and the individual congressman's huge staff provides this, and earns the reward for its boss. If the boss were to go, the staff would go and, reasons Mr. Kesler, the voters would then find themselves one more echelon removed from the people who exercise power.

That is a reasonable argument, though the argument for rotation has even greater weight, one would think. I have in mind this: that legislators who anticipated spending most of their productive lifetimes doing work under the law would be more susceptible to creating congenial, workable laws. Donald Rumsfeld, when he found himself head of a large drug company, confessed (to me) that he was ashamed, as he reflected on the years he had spent in public service, that he had not paid enough attention to the problems of the private sector. George McGovern, running an inn in Connecticut, also confessed (to me) the identical reservation—"I wish I had known a little more about the problems of the private sector."

After the Civil War, the duration of an individual congressman's tenure in office doubled, and since then it has doubled again, and now we are up against the 100 per cent return figure. As a conservative always drawn to the distinctions between the Senate and the House, which distinctions were emphasized by the Founders, I'd be drawn to limiting the terms in the House, and leaving the Senate (which is more volatile anyway) alone. □

Count Me Out

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 15

The widow of John Lennon asked rather more, in the memory of her late husband, than some of us are willing, let alone anxious, to give, however much we regret the tragic circumstances of his passing. John Lennon was a source of inspiration to many people (including my son), and it is unwise to insert oneself into other people's religious quarrels. But Yoko Ono is asking not merely that Lennonites celebrate Lennonism, but that all of us do. I am reminded of the clerk at the London pub who read and reread, quaffing his curiosity along the way, the personal ad that asked for volunteers for a two-year trip up the Congo River, the payment for the entire period £100, with the warning that the probability of death or pestilence was very high. After his fifth rereading and fifth beer, he called the telephone number given, carefully spelled his name, gave his address, and announced that he was *not* volunteering to go on the trip.

You see, Yoko wanted the whole world—every radio station, in every country—to sing out, at a given hour, the song, "Imagine," nominating it in effect as a kind of world national anthem. Now I do not know the melody of "Imagine," but I have the lyrics in front of me, and what it amounts to is a kind of Bible, as written by the sorcerer's apprentice.

Imagine there's no heaven—
It's easy if you try.
No hell below us,
Above us only sky.
Imagine all the people
Living for today.

I venture to say that those who imagine in that direction ought to make every effort to restrain themselves. The homilies of John Lennon have a hard time up against those of Christ and his Apostles, such as, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him." It is quite difficult to understand Mr. Lennon's point in wishing that all that life stood for was the present moment, today. And the notion that there is only sky above us suggests a kind of ethereal vapidity that is downright depressing. And what are we to say about the word "heavenly" if heaven doesn't exist?

It is hard to say the song gets worse, because there is hardly anything worse than to think that John Lennon is a mere memory, rather than a companion of the angels. But the next verse says:

Imagine there's no countries—
It isn't hard to do.
Nothing to kill or die for,
And no religion too.
Imagine all the people
Living life in peace.

Well, we certainly want to imagine a world in which everyone lives in peace, but, you see, that is only possible in a world in which people are willing to die for causes. There'd have been peace for heaven knows (assuming heaven existed) how long in the South, except that men were willing to die to free the slaves, and Hitler would have died maybe about the time John Lennon did, at Berchtesgaden, at age 91, happy in a Jewless Europe. There have got to be reasons that even affected John Lennon to prefer one country over against another. I happen to know this to be the case, since a long time ago he asked me to help him get papers permitting him to live in the United States. More?

Imagine no possessions—
I wonder if you can.
No need for greed or hunger—
A brotherhood of man.
Imagine all the people
Sharing all the world.

No, thanks, I don't want to imagine a world in which Yoko doesn't possess the goods that John left her, with which possessions she is capable of exercising a great deal of charity, though not so profusely as to leave her penniless and a public charge. The person Who invented Heaven passed along a commandment ordaining that one must not covet other people's goods, and most thoughtful social philosophers agree that property is an important basis, indeed probably the most important basis, of human freedom. . . . So it goes, and the chorus of "Imagine" is—well, it is too subversive to appear in a family publication. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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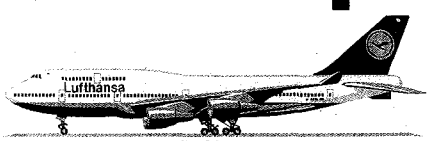
The Trump Shuttle Lets You Earn Free Trips On All These Airlines.



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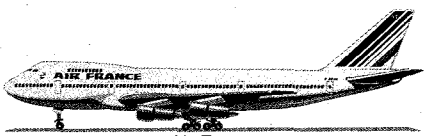

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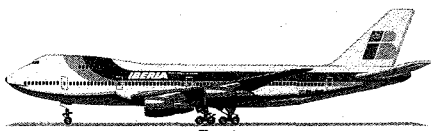

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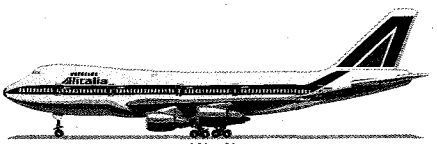

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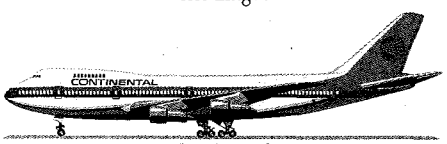

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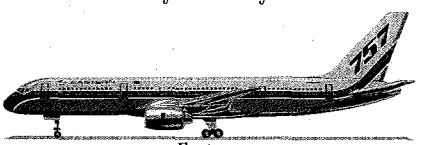
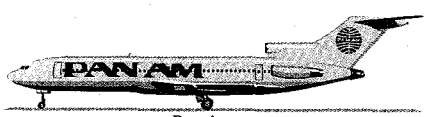


Eastern

The Trump Shuttle

The Other Shuttle Lets You Earn Free Trips On All These Airline.



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OFF THE RECORD

Danny, We Hardly Knew Ye. When the smoke clears from the whole summit fiasco, one Republican who will be left standing tall is Dan Quayle. GOP members of both Houses—including those hostile to the Administration—have nothing but praise for the Vice President's handling of the situation. Usually this is accompanied by a somewhat snide assessment of the abilities of the rest of the White House team: OMB Director Richard Darman, Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady, and Chief of Staff John Sununu.

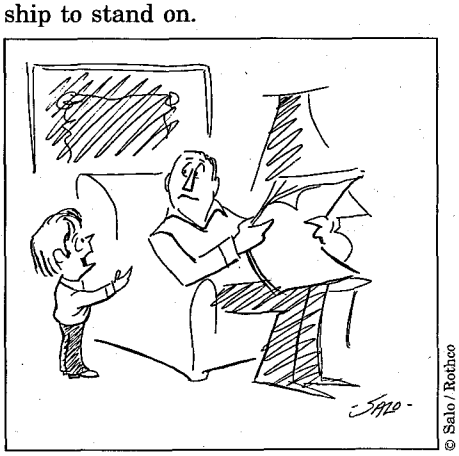
The high marks given Mr. Quayle are all the more remarkable when one considers that the Vice President was on Capitol Hill, after all, to lobby Republican members on behalf of a deal they had made clear they detested in a no-holds-barred confrontation with their own President. So now the rest of the White House is scratching its collective head trying to figure out exactly what it was that Mr. Quayle did right. As usual, say Cato's sources, they have entirely missed the point.

"The reason for Dan Quayle's popularity down here is only partly related to the way he handled the summit," says one House Republican. "Members respect him because for the last 18 months he's been down here listening to our concerns and helping us out. You see the rest of those guys [i.e., Darman, Brady, Sununu] only when they want something from us. People remember that."

In His Own Words. The GOP's House Task Force on Terrorism and Unconventional Warfare recently released a report on Saddam Hussein, arguing that the Iraqi strongman's past suggests that he is capable of striking first when he feels military confrontation is inevitable. It also contains this remarkable thumbnail sketch, taken from Saddam's autobiography: "I have spent the bulk of my lifetime in the endless spaces of the desert with the contradictions of its shades, of the brown sands and the blue sky, of the horizon, sun bright at dawn and fire blaze at dusk. This instilled in me even in my childhood a sense of loneliness. As a consequence, I've always preferred to make my decisions without the involvement of others. My decisions are hard, harsh, just like my desert. I've always related my behavior to the desert. Usually it looks so quiet and kind, but suddenly it erupts with rage, mightily fighting the gusts of storms and gales. And this outburst of the desert's rage gave me the feeling that I was on the brink of the end of time [Judgment Day]."

Not exactly *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, but you get the point.

Landslide Levin. Out in Michigan, Representative Bill Schuette (R.) has all but been knocked out of the ring in the race against incumbent Democrat Carl Levin for the latter's Senate seat. But Mr. Schuette's campaign has managed a good shot at Levin for a trip the senator took—at taxpayer expense, need we add—to Saudi Arabia to be photographed aboard the *USS Wisconsin*. The trouble is, as the TV spot notes, that the Honorable Mr. Levin, a member of the Armed Services Committee, voted against recommissioning the *Wisconsin*: if he'd had his way, he would have been literally without a ship to stand on.



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"I know the value of a dollar, Dad, and now I'm ready to learn the value of a fiver!"

Incidentally, President Bush appeared at the Westin Hotel in downtown Detroit at a Schuette fundraiser. But Cato hears that the President was completely overshadowed by the emcee for the evening, Detroit Pistons center Bill Laimbeer. "You would have thought Laimbeer was the star and not the President," says one attendee. Maybe he was.

Reach Out and Touch Someone. Evidently Chief of Staff John Sununu was not discouraged by reports of his ham-handed efforts to rein in those Republicans still committed to their no-new-taxes pledge. In the middle of a press conference held by a dozen or so anti-tax GOP House and Senate members in the Russell Office Building, the governor tried to pull Representative Bob Dornan (R., Calif.) from the press conference by phoning him at Senator Trent Lott's office, which was just across from the room where the conference was taking place. Mr. Sununu didn't get through, we hear, confirming the old saw that timing is everything.

Now You See Them, Now You Don't. Is Cato the only one who has noticed an increasing boldness on the part of the Democratic Senate leadership? In one recent abortion debate, Senator Bob Graham (D., Fla.), acting as temporary chair, refused for a full minute to recognize three pro-life GOP senators seeking recognition, even though no one else was seeking to speak; as soon as Senator Tim Wirth (D., Colo.) appeared on the floor he was recognized. The delay, a flagrant violation of Senate procedure, was to prevent a perceived pro-life filibuster against a pro-choice Wirth amendment. This was the second time Mr. Graham has finagled with the Senate rules to silence any pro-life sentiments on the floor.

Every Darman Has His Day. Whatever the final outcome of the summit, OMB Director Richard Darman emerges as the Big Loser, going the way of another whiz kid who once took Washington by storm, David Stockman. Cato hears that the White House already has its eye on a few possible replacements, among them Lawrence Kudlow, formerly with OMB under Reagan and now with Bear, Stearns. Why is it that pragmatists never seem to last very long? —CATO

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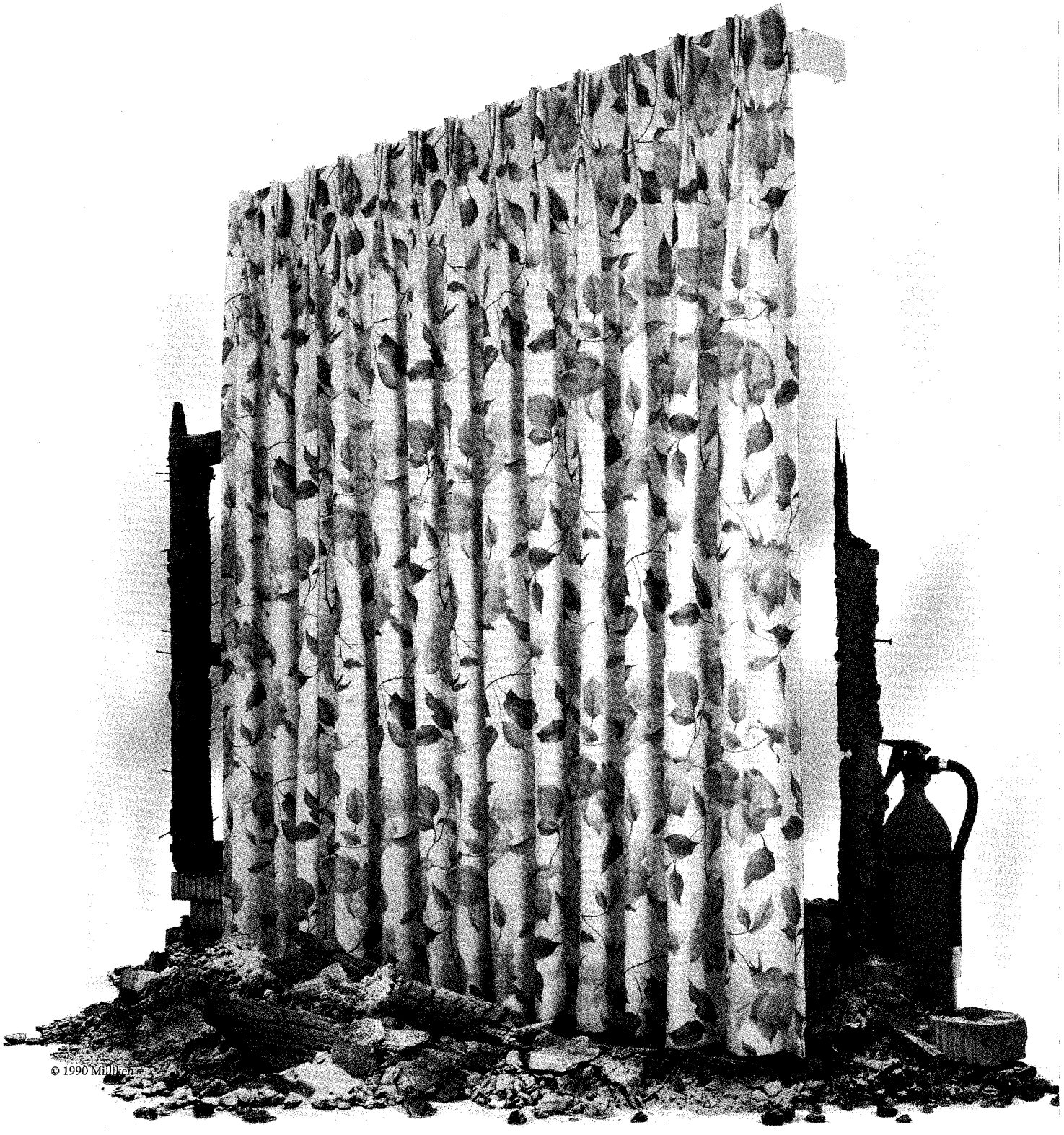

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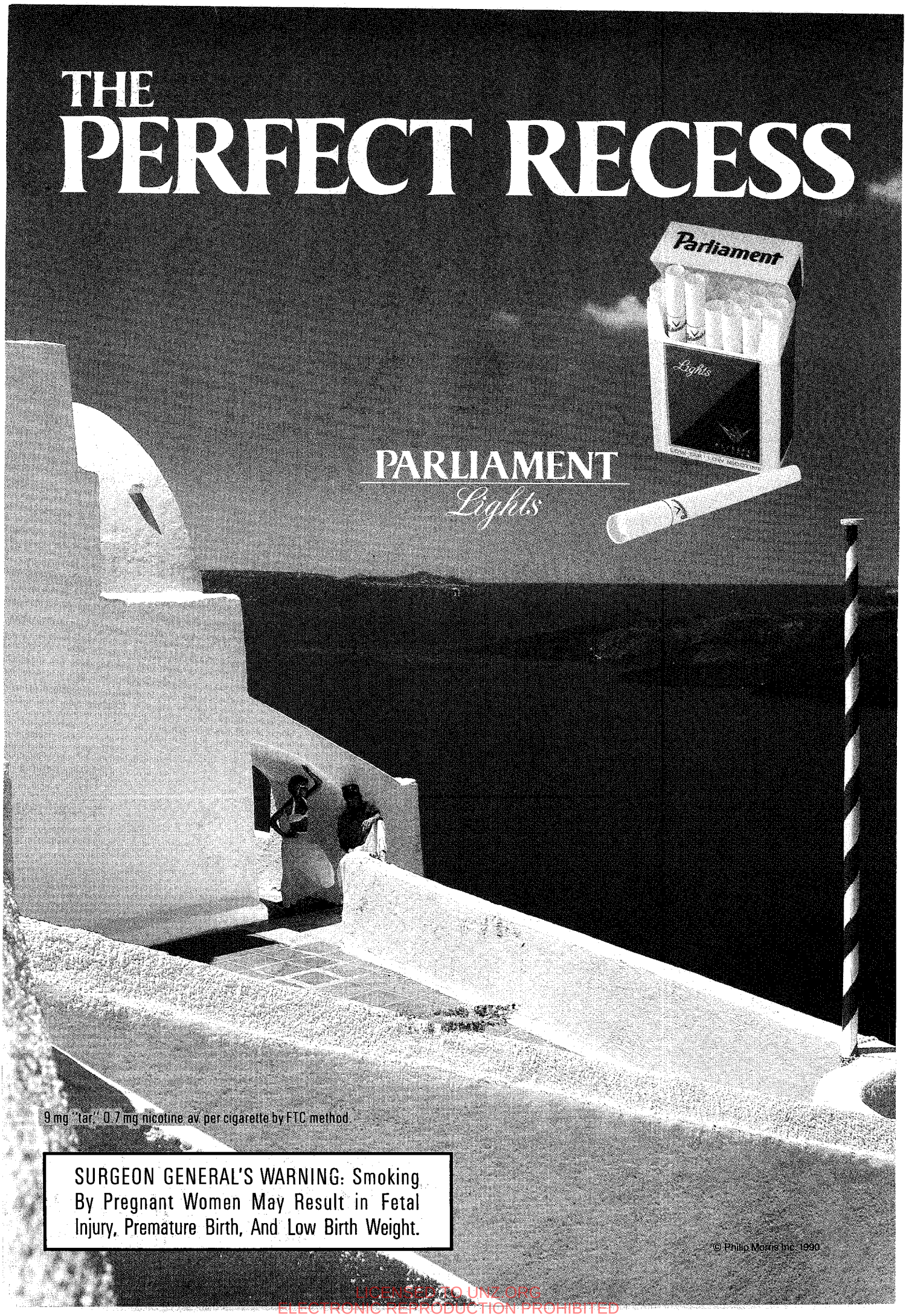
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